Europe
BEHIND THE
Iron Curtain

Martha L. Moennich
F.R.G.S.

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Europe Behind the Iron Curtain

Also by Martha L. Moennich—

On the China Road

Pioneering for Christ in Xingu Jungles

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INTRODUCTION

BLACK is the cloud, coal black, rising from the citadel of Communism and atheism—the Kremlin—as from an abyss, and dilating its dreadful darkness over Europe and the globe. Beneath its fearful cloak are the inky threats of a world-revolution designed to overthrow the established social order and the Christian way of life and to enforce upon the nations a godless system of existence. Long has the sinister shadow of this evil hovered overhead. Now it is lowering its menacing pall. For years infidel men have instilled the pernicious, subversive doctrines of atheism into thousands of hearts and minds, and now, as we look around, we see the destructive fruits of their labor. Just to observe the peril of Communism from the shores of our continent already fills one with pity for those unfortunately involved; but to discover the peril of Communism increasing in our own country certainly fills every faithful citizen with deep concern. Unless we retain our identity as a God-loving, God-fearing people and "pledge allegiance to our flag, and to the republic for which it stands," the glory of our Stars and Stripes is liable to change into the gory Hammer and Sickle. God forbid that the United States should fail to stand firm upon the foundation—"In God We Trust."

By this time there are comparatively few in our country who are uninformed concerning the aims of Soviet

Russia toward Democracy and Christianity. If these strongholds of good were to be destroyed, this world would enter an age darker than the Middle Ages and more terrible than the reign of Nero. The iron gate of Moscow's Lubianka Prison would slam shut upon millions more, figuratively speaking, who refuse to deny God and to adhere to Russian Communism. Therefore, to be forced under Red domination against one's will is terrible enough; to choose it with eyes wide open is criminal beyond words. Europe is already on the threshold of the Red rule, except she be saved from it by a miracle. We Americans are yet in the position of thwarting it, unless we carelessly gamble away our day of grace. Do we want Gog—the Red Chief—or God—the King of kings—to reign over us? May we choose God.

More than one hundred years ago Carl Marx and Friedrich Engels issued "The Communist Manifesto" which opposed everything under the classification of "bourgeois society" and "Christianity." The Manifesto found its way to the ends of the earth and into most unexpected places. "Only the Bible has been translated into more languages," said Sidney Hook, "but the Manifesto has won converts in communities that Judaism and Christianity have barely touched." Its avowed hatred for anything Christian has been sufficiently demonstrated during the Bolshevistic uprising, when millions of Christians were put to death or banished to Siberia. Likewise, numberless among the well born and the kulaks have had to go the same way. And the battle is not over. Soviet Russia considers the Church an obstacle in the way of achieving her purposes and therefore plans its removal when ready to launch her organized onslaught. Beginnings of this are already apparent wherever Communism has laid hold of countries.

The religious liberty we hear of in Russia is unreliable.

Leniency toward the Church can only be a political scheme to deceive people in our country or a diversion from Communistic principle, and the first would be more the case than the latter. The restoration of the metropolitan in Moscow is unquestionably for reasons of policy, not of conviction, to be sure. Otherwise Communism would lose its following. No Communist leader or Party member is allowed to be a Christian. The Soviet system would certainly not compromise with the purpose, the strategy and the tactics of the Manifesto. Communism is merely accommodating itself until it has swung to its side the hungry masses of Europeans driven under its control by desperation, and this desperation is evidently being created by the feeble efforts put forth to reconstruct the nations. In fact, it looks as if Europe's recovery is being deliberately hindered by such who want Europe to turn Red. Furthermore, religion is never free unless permitted to be exercised under God and not under the scrutinizing eye of a government spy system. And how can a child be taught the truth about God when it is forced to accept the lie of atheism? How can the church be called "the Church" when purged of its Christian doctrines and made to follow the dictates of the State? Not the Cross of Calvary hangs over the altar but the Hammer and Sickle as once the Swastika hung over the altars of Nazi Germany.

Communism brutalizes the human soul. It forces mankind into a classless society. It crushes personal freedom and slays human hopes. Russians have fled the inhuman way of life behind the "Iron Curtain" and have warned us by their remarkable tales of woe published in our papers. How different Christianity! It has ministered benevolence through our hospitals, schools and institutions; tolerance in its attitude of impartiality toward nationalities; good will in its generosity toward all men. Love, light

and life are possible only where God is acknowledged. Peace, joy and prosperity come only when Christ is recognized. The person of consideration is usually a Christian. Who would, then, care to exchange beneficence for brutality, or liberty for chains?

Black is the cloud, coal black, rising from the citadel of Communism and atheism—the Kremlin—as from an abyss. Beneath the abysmal covering the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. are in competition. Upon the political chessboard are seen a suffering Greece, a shackled Poland, the skeleton form of an Austria, the crying remains of a Germany. Even the Star of David and the Arabesque Sign are there. All are being shoved to and fro by men of destiny. What does the future hold for the nations? Who is going to win out—the godless or the God-fearing?

I have seen Europe before and after World War II. In 1939 I walked upon quaking ground, in 1947 over the rubble of war. Instead of freedom, as most people had hoped would come to Europe, the most unfortunate and tangled circumstances have enslaved her. Europe is marching into chains unless saved from the Russians. The Iron Curtain is dropping down upon the nations, one by one, and will continue to do so if not halted by some momentous intervention. After a four-and-a-half-month trip through fifteen countries, I gathered my impressions. From the lips of the people, as one lived among them, and as they freely poured out their griefs, I obtained the desired information, along with what I observed myself, and with the plea to "please tell the United States all about it." In the light of what exists in the Old Country, one earnestly prays that our country, and, if possible, all countries, might be spared the tragic sorrows that have befallen her. Each nation had its own story of woe to tell. Each people expressed their fears of what was coming. The deepest need,

during the visit, was not a perfect sermon for the bereaved, but a perfect heart through which the Balm of Gilead could flow, as through a channel of God, in a ministry of comfort and encouragement to all, regardless of nationality, who needed the Great Physician. As a British colonel wrote me just before I started for Europe: "I trust that you will have a safe journey and a blessed time serving God while on this Unhappy Continent."

MARTHA L. MOENNICH, F.R.G.S.

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Chapter One

EUROPE'S ISLAND DOORSTEP

IT was not the majestic H. M. S. *Queen Mary* that took me across the Atlantic this time, but the Constellation plane *Bangor Two.* Instead of pitching through the high waves five days, we flew above the clouds in the sky in less than twenty-four hours. With a wingspread of 112 feet, four powerful Wright Cyclone engines, and a competent pilot at the control, the "Speedbird" soared up from New York's La Guardia Airport to a height of 15,000 feet, then sped a straight line of 926 miles to Gander, first over a sea of fluffy white clouds, then through a growling onrush of stormy ones, until it was time to drive down upon the bleak and lonely wastelands of Newfoundland. A fiery eye from heaven cast its searching gold-red glare upon us, and then disappeared behind the curtain of night. It was dark and windy and cold.

A good dinner awaited the shivering passengers, forty-

two in number, besides the crew, before the next take-off to Shannon, Ireland, over a span of 2,250 miles of ocean water. It was into an inky emptiness that we ascended, apparently confident. I had flown over mountain peaks many a time in Latin America but was not too eager to fly over the depth of an ocean; and yet, as Job of old expressed it, "the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me" (Job 3:25). How the passengers really felt, I do not know. There are possibilities to take into account when swaying between heaven and earth, although God is our safety. The weather changed to perfect calmness and the flight could not have been a more even one. We hardly gave the deep below a thought as the sandman hushed us to sleep. It was at peep of day the next morning, when we looked out of the porthole, that we viewed an endless expanse of clouds beneath which the actual dangers were hidden, should anything have happened to the plane. It was not long after that the shriek of the whistle and the flash of the sign "Fasten Seat Belts. No Smoking" aroused lively comments such as usually inspire travelers away from home. The Emerald Isle was sighted. The plane descended upon her summer green. We stepped out, delighted, and strolled about. We had another meal, adjusted our watches to the local time, then lined up promptly at the command of the loud-speaker for the last 372 miles to London. It is almost incredible that a person nowadays can be in New York one night and then be found on Europe's island doorstep the next, with only seventeen flying hours in between. But such are the miracles of our advanced civilization.

My fellow-traveler was a representative of the Arab Movement and on his way back to Palestine from Washington. His culture, conduct and courtesy betrayed the refinement of the Near Easterner. At the outstart of the

trip I read my Bible, turning to the much beloved Psalm 91. After dwelling upon verse 11, where it says, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," I thought that these words were too precious to keep to myself. Therefore, addressing the gentleman, I handed him my Bible as I said, "Sir, would you kindly read these wonderful words of Psalm 91 and then tell me what you think about them?" He accepted the Book graciously and then meditated upon the Psalm. Still holding the Book in his hands, he turned and said to me, "This is a wonderful book. If all the world would do according to the sayings of Christ, there would be no problems anywhere. I am a Moslem," he added. The conversation that followed was centered on world-conditions and what was needed to meet the many perplexing problems involved. The situation between the Arabs and the Jews alone created disturbances that shook the core of humanity, their traditional claims to the land of Palestine. Besides this, atheism and Communism were making rapid inroads into Moslem lands and this was adding to the troubles in the Near and Middle East. But what the Arab gentleman was most concerned about was that he did not hear the name of God mentioned in Washington, so he said. He was now pondering what to think and what to say to his people upon return from his official visit to the States.

We were taken to the Victoria Station. All went well through the immigration and customs. Straightway I went to the China Inland Mission on Newington Green where Helen Zernov, of the Russian Gospel Association, Chicago, and I were to stay until ready to go to the Continent. Miss Zernov had left New York a day before I did on the H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, June 11, and since there was no vacancy available for me, I had to fly a day later and meet her upon arrival in Southampton, five days later.

As I passed through the streets of London where traffic cops and congested traffic are in constant responsive motion, many revered memories of my visit to the British Isles in 1939, just before the outbreak of World War II, came to mind. At that time I stood on the Mall with friends as, amid cheers, the Royal Family drove by on their journey of peace to Canada and the United States. This was a milestone in Empire history. The carriage procession was headed by the Captain's Escort of the Life Guard without Standard in colorful array and in sweetest simplicity. Brown's Hotel reminded me of my delightful visit with Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia, and our conversation concerning Ethiopia and the Word of God, ending with prayer. Centuries ahead of his people, he has been greatly honored although not always understood by them. Big Ben boomed out the time. Westminster Abbey was beautiful beside the Thames. Hyde Park, where anybody had liberty to voice his opinion as long as he was peaceful about it, was filled with pedestrians and vehicles passing through. Many other sights enthralled me. It was in 1939 that I had a fruitful ministry in Wales, Ireland and Scotland, especially in Wales, where I was called upon to miñister "comfort" to a band of refugees coming from Czechoslovakia on their way to Canada. These had fled the Nazi terror with the help of the Welsh miners who sponsored their way. One young woman among them was very much embittered by the experience. She kept on saying to me, as I sought to help her, "I can never forgive my debtors, I can never forgive my debtors, no, never." The sufferings her people went through were more than she could endure. Nevertheless, it gave me an opportunity for a heart-to-heart talk with her.

I was certainly treading upon quaking ground then, for Europe was on the brink of a conflict, a kind of war

nobody was able to predict. People looked worried. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain had posted all London with the warning word "We've got to be prepared!" after his unsuccessful visit with Adolf Hitler in Munich. Conscription was enforced to the distress of many. Air-raid shelters were being built and trenches dug. Britain's supremacy as a world-power was at stake. And when the storm really broke loose, and with the blitzkrieg against her, England was not left unscarred.

In 1947, on this my visit after the war, I looked upon the scenes of destruction. Paternoster Road, famous for its religious bookstores, had been virtually erased. Piccadilly, Regent Street and other noted business and pleasure districts were badly damaged. All that was left of Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Newington Butt were the stark reminders of what used to be of this huge and celebrated church that now stood like a skeleton of walls. The air raid of May 10, 1941, hit the edifice as it did thousands of other churches, burning them out or reducing them to rubble. Here and there vacant lots marked the places where homes had been. Elsewhere stores stood shattered and mansions stood charred by incendiary bombs. Greater than the material losses of England, however, were the many lives that had perished on the battlefields and home fronts. Not a family—whether in city palaces or country hut —has been left untouched by the sorrows. And yet, worse bombings took place on the Continent itself than on Europe's island doorstep.

It was good to enter the gate, then the halls, of the China Inland Mission, where the memories of the founder, the late Hudson Taylor, were held sacred. One of the first pioneers of his day, with vision, faith and sacrificial love, this great man accomplished great things for God on the mission field. Thousands all over the world have

followed his example, among them those who were called upon to die a martyr's death.

It was after breakfast that next morning, during devotionals, that Bishop Moule's wonderful song was sung out of the *Consecration and Faith Hymnal*:

> Cast thou thy care upon the Lord,
> The care that loads thy heart;
> Take Him this morning at His Word,
> And let Him do His part.

Opposite me at the table sat Sister Annie of Friedenshort, Germany, in her simple gray uniform and white bonnet. This genteel English lady and Sister Eva, of noble German birth, had for years devoted their lives to one of the most beautiful works of love for children. When Sister Eva passed on to her heavenly reward, Sister Annie took over the headship. Their lives together will always be an incentive to illustrate the loveliness of Christian fellowship between two nationalities. Sister Annie was loyal to her post in Germany until the Nazi oppression forced her out. She then fled to her homeland, England, leaving the scattered homes to the charge of the remaining German sisterhood, and above all, to the care of the Heavenly Father. The work suffered, naturally, and some of the sisters laid down their lives. Sister Annie and I glanced at each other as we were stirred by the wonderful song:

> The need is deep, the care is great,
> The burden hard to bear;
> Roll it on Him with all its weight,
> And leave it resting there.

Next to her sat Pastor Siltz of Friedenshort. He had come to England from Germany for a conference and it did his heart good to find a hearty Christian welcome at

the China Inland Mission. The hand of fellowship meant far more to him than the reimbursement of clothes, and he was shabbily dressed. He, too, had not shunned to bear his cross when shifted and shoved by the Nazis as they packed the Friedenshort children into cattle trains to be transported from the east of Germany to the west, not offering even a helm of straw to soften the beds of those of tender age that had been committed to his care. Tall and stately, and serious of expression, the typical pastor was garbed in a threadbare suit over which he wore a long and discolored coat. Though he could not understand the words of the hymn, yet he listened attentively while it was sung. We who understood the deep and comforting meaning were united in spirit with him as we went on with the third verse:

> This heavy thing, it is His gift,
> His portion, thee to bless;
> Give it Him back; what He shall lift
> No more on thee shall press.

There were other persons present whose stories will be told on the other side of life, missionaries who had passed through dangers and persecutions, necessities and wars, for the Gospel's sake. Herbert Taylor, Hudson Taylor's son, was among them, and his lovely sister. Though ninety years of age, and with snow-white hair, his testimony of faith was rock-strong. His sister's gentle ways and glowing words spoke for the Christ she loved and served. Many a valley the Mission had gone through, many a high peak of triumph it had climbed, first ploughing the ground with tears, then reaping the fruits with joy. The C.I.M. family appreciated the fact of God's watchful care over them all through the years and what it meant to:

> Cast all thy care, and not in part,
> The great things and the small;

The Lord's all-loving, mighty heart
Has room and thought for all.

Yes, He will ponder every care,
Consider each detail;
Thyself, thy burden, let Him bear,
He will not, cannot fail.

It was at the time of the roses that I arrived in England, when the Isles resemble a virtual flower garden. Double summer time changed night into day, which made it hard to go to bed while the sun was still shining. Early spring is especially beautiful in England, when the snowdrops and crocuses poke their heads from the ground to see what the world looks like, and the pots of hyacinths adorn the window sills of picturesque rural cottages with thatched roofs. What is more, it relieves the mind of hard thinking to watch the new-born lambkins gamboling over the sod. Why should the world be at dagger's end when nature is at peace? Why should the sons of men stray from the Father's hand when birds know of His care? Sin has reversed things in the universe and made man's heart prodigal.

To live in England these days is no small proposition. Food is measured by grams, no more by pounds. There is nothing wasted, whether a crust of bread or a piece of thread. Neither is there anything to get stout on, or else the gain in weight might arouse suspicion. Diamonds are more plentiful in the Isles than eggs. You may have to "mortgage a house for a lamb chop," someone said. Housewives stand in line for hours in the hope of getting something of what is being sold. Often they return home disappointed. Curtains are carefully mended and linens patched to the utmost. A woman must make her choice between the coat she needs or the sheet for her bed. Parents sacrifice their rations for food and clothing so as to supply

the needs of their growing children. Clothes are expensive with additional 30-percent tax on their value and it takes many coupons to obtain the desired garment. The paper shortage, also, has reduced newspapers to two sheets, which leaves the British without much news.

Britain is swamped with problems. Everywhere ministers complain that there are far more people in queues to the movies than in the pews of the churches. Someone stated that only 2 per cent of the people actually go to church. Young people are discouraged and have no future to which to look forward. They would like to immigrate to the United States and Canada but cannot because of restrictions. The war has hardened some and exposed them to the detrimental teachings of Communism. Others are in quest of God as they observe the untrustworthiness of the things of earth. "England is changing. England is no more what it used to be," are the repeated remarks I heard. Britain's decline as a world-power has been difficult to admit by those who revered the greatness of her past. The passing of her empire has been something more than an incident. Her political status has changed and her economic situation is serious. Her true politicians are aware of the fact. And yet, those who have visited England after World War II, and have seen the aftermath of war, must marvel how she takes her present lot with the courage of a soldier. With rations cut down to the minimum, and with burdens pressing upon her people, it is marvelous to see how England is holding up under the weight of her national strain. She possesses a remarkable character, which, one hopes, will not need to be imposed upon too long by the taxing conditions now prevailing.

A revival is as desperately needed throughout the British Isles as it is in any other country of the world. The chimes of Southampton still remind her people, each morning,

that the Lord is at hand to help anyone that calls upon His Name. In the midst of such distress and perplexity, it would be a marvelous thing if the revival would start on Europe's Island Doorstep, then sweep the Continent, and then the world. And it is not too late to call upon God with the words of Isaac Watts:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

For Britain's dim outlook is not to be compared with Germany's grim outlook.

Chapter Two

EUROPE'S IRON CURTAIN

MUCH has been said about the Iron Curtain in recent years. People have been wondering whether there is such a thing or not. Often a term like this is freely used without one's realizing the full impact of its meaning. There is an Iron Curtain, but only those who have come in touch with the "iron" of that curtain know the "feel" of its cruelty. An unhappy people behind it, an unhappy continent in the shadow of it, prove its existence. Eyewitnesses have seen the tyranny of the Iron Hand that controls it. Others have fled from it to tell the almost incredible stories about it. To want to advocate for it, or to desire to mislead the innocent into it, is criminal. There is hardly an American by now who has not heard or read something about this Iron Curtain to warn him. And these are crucial days we are living in, days when political decisions must be made; and how they are made

will mark the destiny of the nations of the world, not only of Europe. Communism and atheism are making a tremendous bid, especially for our youth. But let us ask ourselves, "Why should we Americans exchange our God-given freedom for a life of bondage to godless men? What has God not done for us, a country so highly favored, that we should turn our backs on Him?" America, awake!

Indeed, there is an Iron Curtain. In fact, there are two curtains hanging in the forum of world-politics—the "Iron" and the "Lace" curtain. One can see through the Lace Curtain but not through the Iron one unless providentially led behind it to see a few things concealed to the world. We as a Christian democracy have allowed Soviet Russia to look through our Lace Curtain whereas Soviet Russia has barred from the view of our Christian democracy whatever she has hid behind her Iron Curtain. As Hezekiah who permitted the Babylonian ambassadors to behold all that he and his people had—the "precious things" and the "house of his armour" (II Kings 20:13)—so we, foolishly, have made known to Soviet Russia much of what we possess. Our radios, our newspapers, our war materials given, or sold, to her, have been channels of information to unscrupulous men who plan evil rather than good. I say "evil," for I am convinced that nothing good can proceed from any person or system that outrightly rejects God. God is bound to be against such persons and systems, as we read in His inspired Word: "Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations; and *repayeth them that hate him to their face, to destroy them*: he will not be slack to him that hateth him, he will repay him to his face. Thou shalt therefore keep the commandments,

and the statutes, and the judgments, which I command thee this day, to do them" (Deut. 7:9-11).

We are having much trouble in coming to an agreement with Russia because we are unequally yoked with her. It is as unreasonable to expect an agreement with the Soviet as it is unthinkable to believe that Almighty God would compromise with Himself by giving His hand of friendship to His archenemy. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," God's Word tells us, "for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" (II Cor. 6:14). Peace—world-peace—has never been so conspicuously distant as it is now. Freedom—world-freedom—has never been in such obvious danger as it is at this time. Naturally, where there is no God there is no peace, or freedom, or happiness. Even the United Nations are baffled to know what to do with Russia. We try to make them see "our way" and then give them "their way" when they refuse to see. Our great men are humiliated to the dust by the smallness of their stubborn men. What is desperately needed in our present-day crisis is a strong, God-fearing man who would be courageous enough to rise and do the right thing by officiating a good, sound handstroke of discipline to counteract Soviet Russia's political exploits and subtle aggression. Europe is waiting for someone to lift the Red Chains from her bleeding body. Europe is hoping to be saved from complete destruction. It looks almost improbable for this to come to pass unless something unusual happens, something powerful coming from God.

Our failures are not hidden. Every suggestion made in a spirit of good will to salvage a rapidly sinking Europe is either postponed, stalled or rejected. It almost appears as if there are those who are not exactly interested in a plan for a speedy and wholesome restoration of war-torn

nations. Somewhere there is an ungodly element at work. On the other hand, we must admit that our sin of compromise has caused our failure to bring about peace and order. We have weakened our position with God, we have lessened our favor with Him, because we chose to appease His enemy rather than to please Him. We made concessions with the godless instead of confessions of faith toward God. The rock—"In God We Trust"—and the sands—"There Is No God"—have never been alike in their foundation, as Christ indicated in His well-known parable. Why not give God the glory, and triumph? Russia's leaders seldom compromise; therefore they hold their own successfully. An alliance of the God-fearing with the godless has never worked at any time in history. "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed" (I Sam. 2:30), God's Word states clearly. Notwithstanding, thanks to God for every American leader, whether political or religious, that has been a courageous mouthpiece of the Lord to voice the right thing. They are dauntless prophets who speak the truth in order to save. They are watchmen who warn of danger and who guard their posts in the midst of the storm as it blows against them. What would we do without the word of God-fearing men in our country?

No peace can come from behind the Iron Curtain. To know peace one must know God. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. 57:21). Even if God and man were to meet at the peace table to reason out the highest way by the best means possible to secure world-peace, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3). "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other" (Matt. 6:24). So far, at the peace table little has been said about Christ.

And yet there are those who blame God for not intervening in our troubles. How can anyone come to the assistance of another unless called upon? How can the Lord God honorably advise us in matters of importance if we do not invite His counsel? God cannot impose Himself upon our arrogant self-sufficiency nor can He force His divine good will upon our human impudence. The man we crowned by appeasement and compromise is the man now demanding respect. It is not pleasant for a Christian democracy to have to bow before an atheistic throne. The God-fearing heart must be wounded by seeing the godless take the upper hand unless a revival of fidelity toward God comes about. God and atheism contradict each other. Communism and Christianity can never agree.

Behind the Iron Curtain lies concealed the misery of a people "such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron" (Ps. 107:10). They are without light because "the light of the world" is Jesus (John: 8:12). They live in the shadow of death for they know not that Christ is "the resurrection, and the life" (John 11:25). They are bound in affliction for they know not "the truth" that makes "free indeed" (John 8:32, 36). They are chained in iron because they are being kept under "the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8:2). They are prisoners physically as well as spiritually.

Atheism is a curse in itself because it denies God. It hates God. Atheism has become the curse of Soviet Russia which has chosen to be against God rather than for Him. When you analyze atheism you find that it is a deception in that it makes men believe that there is no God, when there is. In truth, there is no such person existing as an atheist. Atheism is the deliberate denial of God whom men know, deep down in their heart, exists. God has not left man without a witness of Himself. Whether civilized or savage,

man has an instinctive sense, an inward consciousness, of a Supreme Being. "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1:9), John the apostle states. Only "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. 53:1). And to be an atheist is equivalent to being a fool. There is a reason why human beings turn away from the true God to follow man-made gods or to discredit the existence of God. We find this reason clearly given in Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. *Because* [and here we find the reason] that which may be known of God *is manifest in them;* for God *hath shewed it unto them.* For the visible things of him from the creation of the world *are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made,* even his eternal power and Godhead; so that *they are without excuse*: *because* [and here we find a further reason] that, *when they knew God,* they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and *their foolish heart was darkened.* Professing themselves to be *wise,* they became *fools*" (Rom. 1:18-22).

Not every Russian behind the Iron Curtain is guilty of infidelity. Countless numbers still believe God in the secret of their hearts and are hid in "the secret of [His] Presence" wherever they are (Ps. 31:20). Millions, however, have sealed their lives "by the word of their testimony" because "they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). Multitudes live exiled from civilization and from any communication with relatives and friends, doomed to a living death in the prison-lands of Siberia. And the Lubianka Prison in Moscow, from which few ever come out who have gone in—men tremble when they pass it. A prominent Russian missionary said to me before

he was led to his doom: "Exile or death will be my lot if Latvia were to come under Soviet Russia again." Another Christian leader of Russia told me before he faced the wall to be shot for his faith: "If the ban of Communism were lifted from the people, Russia would offer a mission field such as the world had never seen." I can well believe that after my own experience with refugee Russians to whom I ministered in Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia, before they had been handed over to the Soviet. By nature the Russians are deeply religious. At heart the people do not want atheism. God's Word is precious to many since Bibles are very scarce. In some places the Bible is torn into pieces, not in the spirit of higher criticism, to do away with this or that book as not authentic, but to divide its sacred contents among the spiritually hungry so that they may have some part of the Word to read. In Poland we found five people sharing one Bible. In other parts of Russia the Christians have memorized portions of God's Word. It costs something to be a Christian in Russia. It means something to stand in constant fear of being caught and punished as one. Life behind the Iron Curtain in no way is a paradise.

The time I crossed the border into the U.S.S.R. and the brilliant red railroad barrier lifted for the Soviet locomotive with a single car and a single passenger to pass through, then beneath the brilliant gateway garnished by gleaming red stars and guarded by vigilant Red border troops, I murmured, "In Russia . . . at last!" I thought as I passed from one country to the other that all the sermons I might have preached in a lifetime could never measure up to one preached by a Russian saint who paid for it with his life. "Being dead," the train of the martyred "yet speaketh" (Heb. 11:4). Therefore we sol-

emnly commend the living and commemorate the dead for their uncompromising stand for God and for His Christ.

There was plenty to see and learn about the Soviet system the time I visited Russia—how State Capitalism took from its citizens house and land, regimented them to work, deprived them of every human right, closed their churches, took over their farms, and claimed their offspring as state property to be reared as atheists. From kindergarten through university the Name of God was never mentioned except to be ridiculed. But one who was interested in observing the reactions to atheism in the lives of the people, especially the youth of Russia, could draw many conclusions.

With the hope of heaven blotted out of human hearts, was there anything to redeem the reputation of Communism? With a secret longing after God discovered in the desire of men and women, was there not everything to the credit of the Eternal One? It is a terrible thing to dismiss God from the mind. It is still worse to force others to be left without a knowledge of Him. I have spoken to a number of young Soviets and have found that atheism was more a veneer than a reality. On the other hand, I have contacted young Soviets who were unredeemably lost in Communism. To touch them was to touch fire. And this is the danger right now.

Atheism and Communism are on a life or death crusade to conquer the world. They have systematically prepared their own battleground during the past years by capturing many of the young people in our educational institutions. They have wedged their influence into our industries and forced their way into our government. Soviet Russia has worked to get the leaders of nations to follow her way and to make business heads yield to her will. Soviet Russia is sure that she will win out. That is why her politicians

pay no attention to ours. When the clock strikes in her observation tower, she will strike in a revolution, unless God . . . and it is God that U.S.S.R. does not count on. But we do, as a democracy.

Once I asked a Communist leader in Moscow why their Red Star had only five points. He explained that each point represented a continent and that Communism expected to revolutionize every continent in the world, eventually. I drew his attention to the fact that our geography and theirs differed since we count six, and not five, continents, North and South America being two separate bodies of land. I added that it might be our great fortune, or, rather, God's great grace toward us in North America, to be left out of the attack, although I sincerely hoped that South America, and the entire world, might also be spared.

Not only atheism but pitiful living conditions should be enough to warn Christian democracies of such a threat. This incident was related to us in Poland last summer. It happened that a Soviet officer entered the garden of a Polish family. The woman of the house showed him three potatoes that weighed one pound, then three tomatoes. Amazed at the size of these, he exclaimed, "Did you grow these in your garden? How big they are! Our potatoes and tomatoes grow only to the size of a hen's egg." Then, pausing for a moment, he resumed his comment, and said, "It must be that God cursed our ground because we Russians have denied Him."

Would we want to exchange our freedom for bondage or forfeit our economic prosperity for the poverty existing in Russia? Would we want to be regimented to work, deprived of personal freedom, initiative and enterprise, and be kept under the constant eye of secret police? Indeed not. We have heard too much about Siberian banishment.

We have read sufficient about the Lubianka Prison. The cries of the dead and the living ring in our ears. Let our choice, then, be for God and Christian democracy—for Christ and the Christian way of life. Otherwise that ghastly spectre—a life in chains, a life in sorrows—life "behind the Iron Curtain" will become our lot.

Chapter Three

EUROPE'S MARCH INTO CHAINS

THE prophet's words were extremely significant when he asked Hezekiah three point-blank questions: "What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee? What have they seen in thine house?" For we read that the king had shown them the nation's bank—"the treasury"; the nation's food supply—the "spices"; the nation's surplus reserve—the "precious things"; and the nation's military equipment—"the house of his armour." There was not a thing "in all his dominion, that Hezekiah showed them not." This imprudent exposure of the nation's wealth and secrets to the royal ambassadors of Babylonia come on business for their country became a sorrow and a snare to the king. "Hear the word of the Lord," Isaiah warned him, "behold, the days come, that all . . . shall be carried into Babylon: nothing shall be left . . . And of thy sons . . . shall they take away" (II Kings 20:12-19).

In how far are we guilty of Hezekiah's sins? What price have we already paid, and are we paying now, and will we yet have to pay, if we continue to be deceived about Soviet Russia?

Europe is on the march into captivity. Her very life is in the grip of the Red Captor. There is no nook where the clank of chains is not heard nor corner where the locks of stocks are not felt. The truth is that the entire continent lies in the shadow of the Red Doom. Eastern Europe is already in the death throes of Communism. Southern and Central Europe are wrestling to save themselves from it. Northern and Western Europe are standing in line with fear and trembling, waiting their turn, while the forebodings of it have reached the peaceful shores of Sweden, with Switzerland, thus far the unmolested covert of refuge, aware of its approaching danger.

I am not a cartoonist. However, the situation at large could be pictured somewhat like this. The Giant of Communism lies sprawled over the length and breadth of Europe and Asia in a fabulous claim on these vast territories. The tips of his boots are sunk into Bering Straits and the Far East; the heels point to North and South America. His body lies immovably fixed upon the autonomous states already beneath his crushing subjection. His shoulders, broadly speaking, extend along the Eastern-European front, from Finland down to Greece, with his chin snuggly resting upon Poland and Czechoslovakia. His right arm reaches as far north as the Scandinavian lands, his left arm as far south as the Mediterranean countries. In his voluptuous embrace he holds all Central and Western Europe as a wasp holds the worm by its sting, while his fingers, with the sharpness of a bear's claw, are dug conspicuously deep into the British Isles. He holds the whole paralyzed by the foul

breath of his nostrils while his flaming red eyes glare across the oceans and his thunderous red voice is heard through all the world.

Who would not be alarmed at the grave sight of a Europe marching into chains? Who would not be concerned about the shackles threatening the Western world? The devastations of World War II shock the heart. Human misery, inconceivable to most minds, brings one face to face with mute despair. "Unhappy" is far too mild a term to describe this wounded, bleeding continent, ravished by the horrors of war and exposed to the convenient invasion of the Red Army because of her economic collapse. Some countries more than others are in the grip of desperation to keep body and soul together while the dispersions of people throughout Europe, either by forced evacuations or by voluntary escapes, have produced one of the saddest, most startling problems ever to arise. Unless helped out of her awful plight soon—and it would take something more than an ordinary intervention—Europe, the Europe we used to know in the golden age of liberty, faces utter ruin. The only star left to shine upon the horizon of her future, then, would be the blazing Red Star of Russian Communism.

As things are now, Europe is virtually incapable of helping herself. She is starving. Her tools have been taken away. Russia has carried out billions of dollars' worth of machinery, materials, products of the fields. A simple existence is being purposely checked. "Give in or die," is the Soviet's sentence hung over the heads of the people. While the United Nations are busy in a conflict of words in a multitude of counselors, Soviet Russia is occupied with a conquest of the world on her own. Though the Allies have technically won the war, Soviet Russia is on the spot gathering in the trophies.

Europe is being gleaned to the last straw. Europe is being drained to the last drop. Trainloads of materials are being constantly transported to the east under the guise of reparations while a world watches, powerless to halt the wholesale robbery. Even slave days have returned to the disgrace of our civilization as men, young and old, are being taken into Siberian captivity. Nazism and Fascism received their due blows by tons of bombs to silence their atrocities. But, lo, and behold, the greater enemy has risen out of the ruins to avail himself of the opportunity to march Europe into chains. When Berlin fell, our boys were asked to remain outside the city to let Russia in first. Only a very few are allowed in Moscow, and then under guard. What is Russia doing? Is she preparing for the day of her battle against us? It is a terrible thing to let Gog have his way instead of God.

Europe is marching to her doom unless something takes place to change her present status. If it were possible, it would be a far more pleasant task to write of a glowing future for her nations rather than to paint a gloomy picture. On the other hand, it would be unfair to speak of prevailing conditions in the Old World as otherwise than serious. We know that Christ is the only hope of Europe. Prosperity and true happiness depend upon the acceptance or rejection of God and His Son. Only as mankind gives Him His rightful place in the universe as Creator and Supporter, and glorifies His Name in the affairs of men, can He prove Himself as the All-Sufficient One. Then only can He effect changes for good by His omnipotent and beneficent hand.

It would seem more reasonable to be a truthful pessimist, these days, and face the inevitable with sane, God-given courage, than to be an erring optimist carelessly plunging into an abyss of mistaken hopes. An honest con-

fession of mistakes leads to the rectifying of them since "with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption" (Ps. 130:7). There is no sense in deliberately shutting one's ears to the howling wolf—rather, bear—at the door. And Gog—the Red Captor—is howling loudly enough from Meshech—Moscow—for the deafest among mankind to hear.

Europe has lost her freedom, the freedom to which her nations are entitled. Soviet chains are being fastened to her wrists. The theory of Communism is being practiced in a demonstration of mass-captivity and mass-misery. It reminds one of "the beginning of sorrows" (Matt. 24:8) of which Matthew writes. These Soviet chains are in the form of demands placed upon the governments of countries; for instance, credit demands, required reparations, control over human life, confiscations of nations, banning of religion and other forms of restrictions that hold nations in bondage to the Red Regime. The Red Captor has on every country in Europe strings which he pulls as he pleases. Whatever materials he wants, he gets, merely by drawing them into his storehouse. The situation resembles a puppet show.

As I was talking to a Swedish newspaper editor recently, he asked me this: "What does the United States now think of us Swedes?" "In what way?" I asked. "That we have broken our business contract with her in order to make one with Russia," he answered. "Did you think you could keep peace with Russia that way?" I ventured to inquire. "I'm sorry, sir, but you have sold yourselves." The editor went on to tell me about the credit Sweden gave the Soviet —one million Swedish kronas for fifteen years without interest. "Our world-famed electrical motors," he deplored, "are being shipped into Russia as fast as we can produce them. Russia pays us 350 kronas apiece on credit and we,

in order to buy them back for our own use, if we can, pay Russia 500 kronas cash apiece. We have no electrical power to talk of, for there are no motors on the Swedish market. Our good Swedish kronas," he said, "used to be 'hard' on the international market, that is, 'worth something,' but now they have become 'soft,' indeed, 'very soft,' and are becoming so more and more." He mentioned also that Soviet-minded men in Sweden were being engaged to control Swedish industries.

From the official statistics of the Finnish government as listed in their latest book called the *Key of Finland*, by Veikko Karuma, one can gather some interesting facts about the reparation demands Soviet Russia has placed upon the nation. Finland has gained a reputation among the peoples of the world for her honesty. Small in number and strength as she is, yet Finland was the only country that actually paid her war debt to the United States—$50,000,000. However, Soviet Russia demands of her the unreasonable sum of $300,000,000 (in United States currency value) to be paid between 1944-1952. These reparations are to be paid in cash or in the form of materials priced according to 1938 values. In some cases the materials are permitted to be 15 per cent higher. To September 1, Finland had sent 30,000 carloads of pulp paper, boats, machinery, timber and other materials to Russia.

Conditions in Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Armenia show the hold which Soviet Russia is getting on human life to control it. The Red Government is stretching her feelers into all parts of Europe, even into other parts of the world, to draw back her citizens. Many are in hiding for fear of getting caught and being brought back under a regime of bondage. In Belgium some All-Russian Get-Together-Meetings had been arranged to which the unaware went and the wise stayed away. Secret police were on the job to

register every person who entered while the entertaining was in progress. Bribes had been offered, we were informed, to anyone who would report a Russian-born citizen to the Soviet authorities. One who returned voluntarily would, as the information went, be punished less severely than one found and delivered by force.

In Czechoslovakia the cries of Russians who do not want to return to their native land under the Soviet is heart-rending. They are hounded like animals. Having a right to freedom, they are punished for seeking it. One case of a lovely couple demonstrates the desperate need of these people. Both were artists, refined people and well educated. They had voluntarily fled Russia with the retreating German Army. As soon as they crossed the border into Czechoslovakia they escaped for their lives, and even in Czechoslovakia they had no peace with the secret police on their trail constantly. "Is there no place on earth left to which we could safely flee?" they asked, tears flowing down their cheeks. "Is there no tribunal anywhere in the world to which we could come and lay bare our case?" And these are only two out of thousands seeking a place of refuge, a shelter from the Red Hand of Communism.

Before leaving Greece I read this in a newspaper published in Athens: "The Soviet government requested that all Armenians return to their homeland (under Soviet Russia) with the promise of house and land, first of their free will, otherwise by force." The repatriation numbered 51,000 in 1946. In 1947, 60,000 planned to return from Egypt. "Their spirits are high," so the article said, "as they leave under the false impressions and then fall low when they awaken to the deception." The article continued: "There is no getting out once you get in. Neither tears or regrets will change the Soviet."

All Europe is pleading to come over to the United States

by what we have experienced—to "that wonderful country of freedom." At the door of the American Consulate in Warsaw people have actually stopped us to inquire "How can we get there? What must we do to obtain a visa?" Even if they had obtained permission from the United States government, they could not get out of Poland because the Polish government would not give them permission to go. "Why do you want to go to the United States?" one applicant was asked who had his papers ready, except for the Polish exit visa. "Because my mother and sisters are there," he answered. "Tell your mother and sisters to come over to Poland," the official replied. No permission was given him to leave. Only to the borderline of the country are the citizens of Poland permitted to travel. "You fortunate woman," a fine Polish lady said to me as she had to get out at Katowitz, a border city, and I could go on into Czechoslovakia on my way to Switzerland.

The United States Legation officials revealed in Sofia, Bulgaria, August 5, 1947, that they had received in one month enough immigration visa applications to fill America's Bulgarian quota for five hundred years. It was stated, though not in exact figures, that more than 50,000 had come in, despite the fact that only 100 per year were permitted.

In Czechoslovakia and other eastern European countries people stare at an American with admiration for his privilege of being an American. They would even say to one, "You are an American! You come from the United States. How fortunate you are!"

No one who knows the actual facts of what exists behind the Iron Curtain wants to live there, not even the Baltic countries that have been handed over to the Soviet during World War II. As I passed from one country to the other

in 1939, it was already evident that these small nations lived under the shadow of Sovietism.

An amazing heroism must be attributed to Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, who, in their repeated struggle for independence, have fought many a brave battle. Their right to liberty and self-government was as just as the right other nations were enjoying. If a people desired their national freedom and were able to take care of their own affairs, no matter how small in number they might be, why deprive them of the privilege? We grow as we become self-supporting. We enlarge with responsibility. It is innately the urge of any developing person to want the opportunity to increase his capacity. This world was not made for the Soviet to hold in chains but for human beings to enjoy freedom under the hand of God, the Creator and Redeemer of mankind. The Baltic States did not want Communism. It was forced upon them by their geographical location and by those men who had given them over to appease Stalin. These three little countries have shown more strength of character in their resistance against their political and religious enemy than, perhaps, our bigger nations that simply gave in to him. Now, of course, the Baltic Three have vanished under the cover of the Red Rule. Some people do not know that they exist. Some people never even inquire about them since they have disappeared as nations. In general not much is known about their history and origin. All we can gather by way of information is what historians have revealed of their ancient and modern culture.

Lithuania, for instance, is one of the oldest countries on the Continent, probably dating back more than a thousand years. Someone has said that "happy people have no history." If that is true, the Lithuanians must have had a very happy past since little is known about their

origin. They are of the Indo-European family. They belong to the first-century migrations. As to language, it is more ancient than the Vedic Sanscrit, in the opinion of authoritative writers, and the Lithuanians are considered a "wholly peaceful people." Hunting, fishing and farming had been their occupations, although the seasoned warrior was ever alert in the event of a national emergency. During centuries of ceaseless warfare, at one time, many sacrifices had been made in vain. At other times in their history these same sacrifices brought about the desired victories against some of the strongest enemies. Once the Grand Duchy of Lithuania claimed territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea whereas now under the Iron Hand of Russia it has no claim on any land.

In ancient times the Lithuanians were the sole collectors of the "Northern Gold"—the sparkling amber of the Baltic beaches. During medieval times these "people of peace" became "warriors of war" to which the Scandinavian, Slav and Tartar paid respect whenever they met these "intrepid horsemen of the marches." Having come under the Russian yoke in modern times, the country passed through pestilence, famine and war. Russia was determined to denationalize completely this non-Slav people. However, this was not in the minds of the people, who refused to resign to this fate. They fought, and fought nobly, at the end of World War I when Lithuania attained her majority. The republic was acknowledged as the youngest of the "new" nations although the actual independence was brought about by the 1917-1918 circumstances. The knout, the prison, Siberian banishment and the rope had forced them into submission. The spirit of the people was crushed. Their liberty was taken from them and their leadership thwarted by depriving them of education. As a Lithuanian

officer once told me during the First World War: "It is hard, very hard, for a man well born to get an education. I have had to struggle to achieve one."

The Republic of Lithuania had about 2,526,000 inhabitants of which some 150,000 lived in the capital of Kaunas. As a buffer state, the nation lived constantly between Russia and Germany as rivals. Ruthless invaders transformed their wheat fields into battlegrounds, and when her jubilant day of July 12 arrived in 1920, and the treaty was signed with Russia denouncing all rights to Lithuania, fixing her borders to an area of 83,000 square miles, the people rejoiced. Ten per cent of the population was engaged in commerce and industry, the rest in agriculture. They built up a standing army of 25,000 in 1939 and labored to unify their country.

Though the religion of the nation was Roman Catholic, Protestant missions were continued. I remember the unstinting labors of love performed by Laura Mishwick of the European Christian Mission as she ministered God's Word and Christian comfort to some five thousand unemancipated Jews in the Kaunas Ghetto. I also remember Mr. and Mrs. Gilles of the Lithuanian Missionary Society, whose untiring ministry and personal devotion among the peasants of that land revealed true Christian consecration. Literally hundreds of people filled that big hall, formerly a prison. Likewise the service in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schweitzer where Russian refugees had assembled to hear the Word of God. I recall how they sat with tears in their eyes listening to several messages given between six-thirty P.M. and two A.M. the next morning. It was at their request that the services were so long. The room was crowded. Nobody minded.

Latvia, that brave little land wedged in between Esthonia and Lithuania, shared a similar fate. Her people belonged

to one of the hardiest and heartiest branches of the Indo-European stock related to the Lithuanians and original Prussians. For centuries the country has been the meeting place of rival alien nations at war with each other and who, repeatedly, have reduced the land to destitution. But buoyed by their innate courage, their spirits always rose in new attempts to build themselves up again despite the pressure imposed upon them by their subjugators. Ambition and diligence urged them toward reviving their national consciousness as a people.

As evidence of this particular characteristic, a story has been recorded: When in the thirteenth century the German knights invaded Latvia as Crusaders, forcing "the savage Letts" to accept Christianity by mass baptism, most of them returned to the river to wash off the inflicted rite, as they preferred to remain "barbarians." These same knights, as history relates, took possession of their land and subjected the Letts for seven hundred years as serfs to barons, heads of a feudal system.

The Republic of Latvia while yet under the Czars suffered. When the regime changed to Bolshevism, later to Sovietism, it suffered even more. But the suffering experienced when, as a result of World War II, the country, after having enjoyed a season of independence, was handed over to Russia for appeasement, will yet have to be related, since they are behind the Iron Curtain where no outsider can see. It was in 1919 that the alert Letts seized the opportunity to wrest the chains of Russia from their wrists. It cost them the lives of many young soldiers who fought for their country and whose bodies now rest in the military cemetery in Riga under the vigilant outstretched hands of Mother Latvia beautifully modeled in granite. Now Latvia is bound hand and foot by Soviet chains.

Religiously Latvia stood out as a Protestant country. It was a land of many church-going people. The land had only 2,000,000 inhabitants, but their congregations, whether Lutheran, or Evangelical, Baptist, or another denomination numbered a hundred to two thousand members. In Riga the Seminar Church and the Riga Temple were filled and the names of Professor Riess and Pastor Maloff are well known in evangelical circles all over the world. Not a few of the ministers have paid for their faith with death. Others have been exiled to Siberia. Several of them have been able to make their way to the United States. One story interested me very much. It was told by a pastor fleeing Soviet Russia in the beginning of the purge. When he arrived on the borderline of Latvia he was arrested by a G.P.U. secret police. He showed his identification card on request, but the G.P.U., being intoxicated, read wrong. Instead of reading "Baptist" he read "bandit," remarking, "Well, you're just one of us. You may pass." Most of the people speak more than three languages—Russian and German besides their own native tongue. They also love music and have created some two thousand folk songs.

Esthonia could not have chosen a more strategic position in Europe's far northeastern corner than Turkey chose for herself in the southeastern part of Europe. A peace-loving nation, it has exposed itself to the invasions of other near-by countries, especially Russia. But what could be done about the instincts of a people thus inclined to move? Or, better said, could it have been the permissive will of God to let them settle down in the shadow of sorrow? Esthonia lies where the Baltic Sea becomes the Gulf of Finland, and that means it is only sixty kilometers away from Leningrad after one crosses the rocky banks of the Narva River.

A like fate has befallen Esthonia as has befallen her companion states. They struggled for freedom more than

once during their obscure history and shook off the Russian yoke when the time came to do so. A seven-hundred-year bondage, first to one nation, then to another, has been a trial sufficiently severe to test the ability of a nation's endurance. Nineteen-eighteen marked Esthonia's triumph over Russia at the close of World War I when she was acclaimed a full-fledged republic knowing and minding her own business. But what happened during World War II?

One deplores the loss of freedom suffered again. Eager and diligent to advance on her own, this country was prospering in modern ways of life. An army was organized for her defense, and 1,300,000 people applied themselves to commerce, industry and farming with the diligence of a progressive people. Tallinn, the capital of Esthonia, with 147,000 inhabitants, became a center for exports and travelers coming and going from one end of the world to the other. Many gems of lakes and islands belong to the scenic beauty of the country. Their Finn-Ugrie strain of blood related its people af the Finns and Hungarians.

Europe, therefore, is marching into Soviet captivity, chained, as Israel was once marched into Babylonian captivity, chained. Whereas Israel was permitted to worship God with their prophets and priests in Babylon, Europe is being subjected to the darkest black-out thinkable in Soviet Russia—the black-out of atheistic Communism.

Chapter Four

EUROPE'S DARKEST BLACK-OUT

THE biggest black-out does not occur where martial law is enforced but wherever God has been dismissed from the minds of men who "did not like to retain God in their knowledge." The greatest curse is not ignorance but "a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient" (Rom. 1:28), to which God Himself is obliged to turn them over who deliberately reject Him. Not all Russians as already stated, are guilty of the crime of infidelity. As the Lord reserved unto Himself "seven thousand [prophets] in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him" (I Kings 19:18), so the Lord has shielded under the covert of His wing those in Russia who would not betray Him by yielding to the godless.

Two Hindoo gentlemen and I were taken out to see Leningrad in a car said to have been modeled and made in Russia. Our assigned Lady-Guide No. 1, a very acceptable young woman, revealed great talent and spoke English well.

Because of her position in the government she was dressed a little better than the average woman. The needs of the Russian people in general were deplorable. In contrast with the chauffeur, who looked disinterested, but who might have been a secret police very much alert to what was going on, Lady-Guide No. 1 was wide awake. After passing significant monuments, museums and other historical buildings, and viewing the old Peter-and-Paul Fortress over the glittering waters of the Neva from the Roshal embankment, we rode to the famous Winter Palace on Uritsky Square. It was here that the history, the aim and the progress of the Revolution were explained at length by the young and capable Communist educated in the Moscow University. "Leningrad," she began, "is the old St. Petersburg of Czarist Russia. We speak of it now as the 'cradle' of the revolutionary movement. Here the Military League for the liberation of the working classes was founded by Lenin, in 1895, and from here, Lenin with his closest comrade-in-arms, Joseph Stalin, led the first revolution in 1905, followed by another known as 'the Storming of the Winter Palace' in 1917, when the proletariat fought the decisive battles to bring about the first successful socialist revolution in the world," et cetera.

The well-informed Lady-Guide No. 1 certainly presented her subject well, and I commended her for it. A matter well presented is liable to make its impressions, whether one agrees with it or not. Notwithstanding, "religion" received a good smack in the conversation that followed. It was a most unique congregation of Communists, Hindoos and a Christian in the car. "No one in Russia believes in God any more," she said, quite sure of herself. "The teachings of Carl Marx and the findings of science have disproved the existence of a God."

"So you repudiate the Bible?" I inquired, realizing that I had now started something.

"We used to believe things in the Bible, but since we know better we think differently." And this she said with a bit of haughtiness as if the entire matter of "religion" were a joke. Then, leaning forward to get closer to her, I stated that the Bible was the Word of God, the Guide Book of life. I felt that an opportunity was at my disposal to stand firm for the Truth.

"Science and the Bible have never agreed," she argued. "We have accepted science versus religion." And it was quite probable that she had never even studied the Bible but was merely repeating what Communism demanded her to say. The Hindoos with me never said a word. I wondered what they were thinking. And the chauffeur? Surely he registered the whole conversation. No one trusts the other in Russia. Betrayal, not love, is the fruit of atheism.

"Then you really believe that there is no God, I mean you, personally?" She answered my question in the affirmative.

"And what about man? Do you not believe that he has a soul?" I asked.

"Man?" she chuckled. "A soul?" She shook her head. "That idea is old-fashioned. The Orthodox priests used to frighten us with that—and with hell. We're wiser than to accept that now."

"Then of what do you think man is made?" I insisted, wanting to hear her opinion.

"Matter and brains!" came the curt answer. "That's all."

"Matter and brains only?" I pursued her statement in order to persuade her. "Is there no higher power you can ascribe as possessing man; for instance, the Spirit of

God in a human personality?" A superficial smile was the reply.

I was truly sorry for the young woman who was just one of millions being reared in the philosophy of atheism. There was a spiritual black-out in her heart and mind. She had dismissed God who is Light from her thoughts, unless she was of another opinion deep in her heart. I hoped that might be true. I prayed that I might find out.

"Pardon me if I ask another question. I am anxious to know whether you believe that there is a life after death—a 'hereafter'? Suppose you would die tonight. What would happen to you?"

"When a man is dead, he is dead. There is nothing after death except the decomposition of matter. That's the end of a man," was her answer.

Still the Hindoos kept perfectly quiet as if they were not a bit interested in the conversation. I felt as if I were fighting the battle alone. And yet, how could I keep still and not, as a soul-winner for Christ, defend the faith? Moreover, how could I let this young life drift upon a raft of hopelessness in an ocean of spiritual darkness? Her "foolish heart was darkened" (Rom. 1:21). Therefore I was prompted of the Spirit to give my testimony as to how I found Christ Jesus as my personal Saviour. And I did, as the car drove along the streets and swerved around the corners.

Upon our return to the Astoria Hotel, opposite St. Isaac's Cathedral, which had been converted into a museum for propaganda against religion, Lady-Guide No. 1 hurried off with a quick "Good-bye until tomorrow!" The Hindoo gentlemen, as I could see, were waiting for an opportunity to speak to me. Then, approaching me with "Madam," they commended me with these words: "You have been more courageous in defending your Christian faith than we have

been in defending our Hindoo faith. Both my friend and I stood with you in the argument. We, like you, believe that there is a God, and that man has a soul, and that there is a hereafter to reckon with."

The next morning, after breakfast, Lady-Guide No. 1 announced that we had been scheduled for Pushkin City (Tzarkoiseloe, or Tzar's City) to see the royal palace of the Empress Kathrine the Great and the Alexandra Palace of the late Czar Nicolas Second and his Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna. As we assembled in the bus I noticed that Lady-Guide No. 1 had arranged for Lady-Guide No. 2 to take care of the guests. Then, to my happy surprise she came and sat next to me behind the chauffeur. The drone of the engine irritated me at first, but when I realized that it drowned out our conversation so that the ear of the chauffeur, possibly another secret police, could not catch the drift of what we were saying, I thanked God for it.

A few preliminary words were exchanged between us concerning the "weather," and "so-and-so." Then I led the conversation into the more important matter. I believe that the young woman had expected it, too. "Referring to what was said in the car yesterday," I started out saying, in a low voice, cautiously, "I wondered whether you really believe in God deep down in your heart but are not free, under the circumstances, to say so." She smiled, but did not answer. It was possible that she was considering whether or not to give in.

"Have you a mother?" I asked.

"I have," she replied.

"Do you love your mother?"

"Of course I do. She is my mother," she said.

"Where, then, does that love you have for your mother come from? From matter? Brains?" A shrug of the shoulders was her answer to the question. After all, one

could not get away from the consciousness of the deeper impulses of the soul. To deny them away was to deliberately lie. "Of course you believe in a God," I assured her. "A mechanical 'function of matter' prompted by some 'inherent force of energy' coming from a 'material brain' could never produce so tender a virtue as 'love.' It comes from God, for 'God is love.' God created man a living soul and made the soul of man a channel through which He could mediate His own divine life through His Spirit. Man was created in the image of God and therefore man is God-conscious; so different from the animal world. Sin entered in and made man prodigal, but Christ died to redeem man from sin. How wonderful to know God, to love Him, and to serve Him!"

The bus arrived at Pushkin City, then drove into the palace grounds. Lady-Guide No. 1 excused herself with a bow, and thanks, and went over to attend to the guests. She was evidently initiating Lady-Guide No. 2 into the ways of the Intourist. In the meanwhile the two Indians and I were left alone in conversation, to resume where we had left off the day before. Whether it was mere fancy or not, it seemed as if things in the royal garden were speaking. Boughs of trees bent to whisper the tragedy of the Romanovs as the royal family was taken captive, sent to a prison in Siberia, and brutally killed by the Bolsheviks. The dried-out fountain sparkled no more, nor did the flowers bloom or the snow-white doves croon as they used to when the royal children played in the sunshine. Lawns had changed into a wilderness of weeds. Pathways had grown over with stubble. All had changed since God had nothing more to say in Russia.

"But what do you think really happens to a man's soul after he dies?" the younger Hindoo queried.

"Are you thinking of your doctrine of the transmigration

of souls, sir?" I asked him, somewhat acquainted with his beliefs.

"Well, yes," he said.

"There is where our respective religions part in the way. Think of the hopelessness of a human being responsible to atone for his own sins, in this life, and in the next, and who knows in how many more reincarnations to follow, carrying the load of guilt with him, plus the additional guilt of sin from one reincarnation to the other, perhaps thousands of them! Think of this man trying hard to redeem himself by good works, then by self-torture—the bed of spikes, for instance—and still getting nowhere! His heart is left unsatisfied. The guilt still remains in his consciousness. He has done all he could and still has no peace. The hope of salvation is further away than ever! Then consider the Bible-way of salvation, how that "through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all" (Heb. 10:10) God perfected the redemption we now enjoy. By a simple acceptance of what Christ has already accomplished for us upon the Cross of Calvary, we are saved. Wonderful, gentlemen! Truly wonderful!"

"But if you, madam, were to die now, where would your soul go to? We ask because we would like to know."

"Straight into the presence of the Lord, sir," I answered, and as quick as a flash the wonderful words of Psalm 17:15 came to mind: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

"Beautiful!" the young Hindoo exclaimed, his older friend nodding his consent. "That is the best interpretation I ever heard of the 'hereafter.' "

"It's God's interpretation, not mine." I hastened to explain. "I believe it, however, and pass it on to you. The hope is yours as well as it is mine. Get yourselves a

Bible. Read it. Accept its truth. Receive Christ into your hearts. And may I write the verse on paper so that you can carry it with you as you travel back to India?" And that was done.

After we had seen the enormous wealth in Empress Kathrine's palace we went to the Palace of Alexandra. The rooms of the royal home were left furnished just as the family had left them. An awe seemed to settle down upon the foreign visitors as they tiptoed over the rugs on the floor. Even the Communist teachers who had come to explain the exploits of "the rich" to a band of peasants that had come in from the country stepped ahead reverently. But it was in this place that one saw some of the things that caused the rise of the Bolsheviks. We found the black-out of Greek Orthodoxy displayed on every turn. It was this false presentation of Christianity that made some men think. And no wonder that the pendulum of sentiment swung from one extreme to the other, from darkest Catholicism to abysmal Communism!

For example, the Czar and his family were deified as gods. They had been portrayed standing in the clouds of heaven beneath which was a hell blazing with fire. Whoever refused to respect the royal family as such were doomed to the eternal flames in which devils with pitchforks stood, ready to torture them. Rasputin's photo hung upon the wall of the Czarina's room with other photos of court women over whom this insidious priest exercised a destructive influence. He, too, had been murdered for his crimes. Religious paintings filled the living quarters of the family so that their mystifying meaning almost cast a superstitious awe upon those looking at them. It was not the political throne that held sway over the Greek Orthodox Church but, rather, the Greek Orthodox Church, with all its pollutions of idolatrous practices, controlled the throne. The

Czars and the metropolitans worked hand in hand to keep the masses of Russians in ignorance and subjection, the priests being the tools used to threaten anyone who dared to rise up against the orders of state and church. Who would blame anyone from turning away from such a system of unrighteousness under which the people lay crushed as if under a wheel? The people were not liberated by the change from Greek Catholicism to atheistic Communism. They were simply transferred from one bondage to another—from chains to shackles.

The stony road leading up to St. Sofia Church in Kiev is still there to remind the observer of the poor and ignorant who crawled up on their knees in hopes of obtaining some merit for heaven at the hand of the priest. Arriving at the door, bleeding, tired, and discomforted, they were still at the mercy of the priests who would, or would not, allow them to enter "the holy place" unless they paid sufficiently for the privilege. Millions of rubels have been gathered on these occasions, especially during pilgrimages. In this church was a magnificent minature sanctuary, made of pure gold, in which the wafer of the Eucharist was kept. This object cost an enormous sum of money. It was to have been the Czar's gift of favor to the head of the Orthodox Church in his appreciation of his co-operation. When I was shown all these things the young Communist escorting me to explain why they had turned against the church, was surprised to hear that I agreed with him. "This, young man," I protested, "is not Christianity. It is idolatry. It may be a religion, but it is not the Gospel of Christ. Nowhere in God's Word do we read 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will add to your burdens,' but, rather, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' The Lord Jesus came to save."

And yet, while the Russians were under the knout of the Russian Czars and the Greek Orthodox Church, evangelical churches came into being and were permitted to carry on their services, though with persecution. Before the rise of Russian Communism great revivals swept through Russia during which hundreds of thousands turned to God in an experience of salvation. William Fetler (now Maloff), Lord Radstock of England and others have been the means of bringing many souls to Christ from among the nobility and the poor. Several princely houses of Russia turned evangelical. Many of them became missionaries after they fled the Reds. Wonderful are their testimonies of God's protecting hand over them; wonderful also the experiences of the humble who escaped by God's intervening hand when everything seemed lost. One mother I know of prayed to God during those early days of Bolshevism: "Lord, I did not bring my children into the world so that they should become atheists. I bore them to become Christians." She and her family managed to get out of Russia before the borderlines were shut in 1929. Others have had to remain and suffer the life of a Christian at the hand of Communists.

As returning back to our hotel after all we had seen at Pushkin City, Lady-Guide No. 2 sat with me in the bus. Whether by personal choice, or whether Lady Guide No. 1 arranged it, I do not know. Personally I took it as a move in the marvelous providence of God who was concerned that the Gospel be brought to these lives through His servant.

The disposition of Lady-Guide No. 2 was a bit defiant and yet one had to take into consideration that she might have acted that way purposely so as not to arouse any suspicion in the mind of a G.P.U. who might be hid away in the

person of the chauffeur. Nervousness or embarrassment may have been the cause.

"If you speak about God in Russia," she opened the conversation, "no one will listen to you. Religion is forbidden and nobody believes in God." The conversation continued.

"Then you don't believe, either, do you?" I asked her.

"Have you ever seen God yourself?" she returned a bit impertinently.

"Have you ever seen your forefathers?" I answered.

"No. Nevertheless I am here to prove that they had once existed."

"Then what about nature around you, and mankind at large? Do those not prove the existence of God who created them?"

"All is matter. All is matter. Nothing more," she declared, as if that were final.

"And matter? Where did it come from?"

"All is nature."

"But where did nature come from?"

"Well . . ." And here we came to a standstill in our reasoning.

"There is a God, young woman," I assured her, "and you know it as well as I do. Communism has deceived your heart. It has blinded your eyes." And so the conversation developed Godward as we spoke to each other. "There is something higher than mere matter—human intelligence. There is something far higher than human intelligence—divine revelation. Man cannot search out God by mere reasoning. In his honest search he can find Him who promised, that 'when ye shall search for me with all your heart . . . I will be found of you' (Jer. 29:13-14). I realize, young lady, that you are not free in this country to voice a single word about 'God' although you may

(and I hope it is true in your case) want to do so." And it was another one of those precious moments on Soviet soil when I had the privilege of witnessing to a heart about the saving grace of Christ. "You can now, by faith, cast off the darkness of unbelief and trust Him. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life' (John 14:6), Jesus said of Himself. Science and the Bible do not disagree. You think so. To study both in the light of God's Spirit will reveal that fact to you."

Thus Russian youth is groping in the dark, seeking to find the secret of a successful life. As I talked with the secretary of a certain Russian Embassy in Europe, he said, "As far as I am concerned, I have nothing to do with religion. And as far as the youth of Russia is concerned, they are far from it."

Herbert Ashley, diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in England, said in his article on Soviet Russia and the Church: "Worship Allowed—Instruction Barred." He continued to enlighten his people on the existing conditions as he saw them. "Communism is being taught to thousands by the Moscow State University and to millions by the Lenin Museum. There are 3,000 students. Fifty-five per cent are women. Twenty to 25 per cent of the large professional staff of some 1,400 are members of the Communist Party. 'Marxism and Leninism,' said Professor Galkin, 'are studied as a philosophy throughout the University.' Almost none of the staff has been out of Russia. On one wall of the Lenin museum there used to be in the old days an ikon. The revolutionaries tore it out and plastered in a stone the words, Lenin's words, 'Religion—opium of the people.' Over all worship looms the shadow of the Lubianka Prison, to which thousands of political prisoners have been taken never to come out free. This great building, granite-faced, with iron-barred windows, almost in the

center of Moscow, is guarded day and night by Red Army soldiers in grey, bedraggled uniforms, and with repeater rifles and fixed bayonets. No one shudders when passing the Old Bailey because an Englishman knows that justice is done in his country. All shudder when passing the Lubianka. One day I looked through an oblong peephole in the main entrance gate and found myself staring at a pair of cold, Mongolian eyes."

Religious liberty in the evangelical and democratic sense of the word does not exist in Soviet Russia. The ideology of our country and that of Soviet Russia are fundamentally different. Freedom of religion to us means freedom of conscience in what we believe, freedom of worship without a network of spies to record every move made, every word spoken. Freedom of religion implies the separation of church and state and with a legal protection of the church by the state. With what fear and tremblings a Russian enters an open church door! With what freedom we Americans go to church to hear God's Word! The institution of Sunday schools in America has proved an untold blessing in the rearing of our children and in the steering of our youth toward God and godly living!

It is virtually unnecessary to state here what all American citizens know to be our heritage as a Christian nation although it has become a most imperative challenge to defend this heritage we possess now. Evangelical freedom of religion is quite different from what Herbert Ashley continues to say he had observed when he was in Russia: "The spies of the Lubianka are in the congregations," he says. "I have seen them half-hidden in the basements of houses. They take photographs of the worshipers going into the church. They even go into the confessional and try to trap the priest." And what is more, the privilege of being a minister requires a great price. As one leading Russian minister

told me himself, with tears, "I cannot and will not be a shepherd of a flock and a spy at the same time. It is impossible for me to preach the Gospel of Christ from the heart and to comfort a congregation in their sorrows and then report to the government on them."

There is, thank God, a freedom of spirit within the heart of every believer to worship God, a freedom that no man can ever take away. The black-out of Egypt was a darkness so thick that it could be felt, yet we read of the miracle in the midst of the judgment, namely, "all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings" (Exod. 10: 21-23). Likewise the Christians of Russia have the Light of Life shining brightly in their souls. The liberty they possess is from the Lord who set them free. Though they live in Europe's darkest black-out, yet they "walk in the light."

Chapter Five

EUROPE'S HARPS UPON THE WILLOWS

A very vivid picture is, indeed, Israel sitting "by the rivers of Babylon," weeping. And heart-rending it is to see Europe's nations sitting amid the ashes of their habitations, also weeping. The "song" had ceased. The "mirth" had gone. There was nothing to rejoice about in the land of captivity. The same thing has happened in devastated Europe. There are no songs, unless "songs in the night" given to those who know Christ as Saviour and Lord. There is no mirth, except "the joy of the Lord" which is the strength of those who have Him in their heart. Instead of nimble fingers happily strumming the harp-strings, bound hands are feeling the weight of chains. As one listens to the tales of woe coming from the lips of the bereaved, Psalm 137 grows deeper in meaning.

Never in the history of Israel, nor of mankind at large, has there been such a confusion of nations, such dispersions

of people, as World War II has created. Men, women and children have been rooted up from their native soil, overnight, and transported to places unknown to them. Millions never dreamed in the sunlight of their happiness that such a change of situation, a virtual nightmare of horrors, could occur. But it did. They have had to sit in the streets of the stranger without food, without clothing, without shelter and protection, lamenting. "We hanged our harps upon the willows," Israel cried when urged to sing the song that had been silenced in their hearts by the tragedy of their captivity. "And so did we," the nations of Europe, millenniums later, answered. "Our harps of song and mirth are also hanged upon the willows."

To pass through Europe as I have, visiting some fifteen countries, with all their misery and despair, after having known them before the war, causes one to realize how great the sorrow and suffering is. "They that carried us away captive . . . They that wasted us," Israel mourned, "required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion." And the multitudes of Europe, likewise, are wondering how they can sing at such a time as this.

"We remembered Zion," God's people said as they looked through a veil of tears and saw in spirit that beautiful City of Jerusalem. They recalled the times when the Good Shepherd led them into green pastures and along the still waters and through the valley of the shadow of death. They feared no evil, then. They rehearsed the days when goodness and mercy followed them in blessing as they followed Him like a flock of sheep, unafraid, confident and in full assurance of faith. Until *they* forgot!

It seems as if the Lord, the One who is so concerned about the souls of men, permits troubles, even judgments, to come in order that the sons of men might through them turn to Him. God evidently spares no means and withholds

no ways to save from a greater tragedy than war, from a more terrible captivity than that of one nation to another, namely, from an eternal damnation and an eternal captivity to Satan. And in this the Lord's love is far deeper than we are able to fathom, and far greater in its impact of goodness than we are able to conceive. His permissive will often takes the hard and long way around to get to His ultimate purpose with us and spares no rod or staff to bring us into a full surrender to His will. And though the sorrows of human waywardness cut into body and soul, yet through them we learn to know God better and to love Him more. The ransom Christ paid for the redemption of mankind—His precious shed blood—was inconceivably great, causing mankind to realize how greatly the lives of human souls are estimated by a divine God.

In company with Natalia Alexandrovna Dobrovolska, a Russian Christian woman of more than seventy years, we visited the Hospital Barracks at Brévannes, near Paris, where about 10,000 destitute men were being cared for by the French government. Helen Zernov and I saw what one might describe as "a symphony of human misery" as we went from barrack to barrack and to as many beds possible to speak a word of comfort and encouragement to homeless, suffering, destitute men. Some had come out of concentration camps and were bearing the consequences of what they had experienced by the way of cruelty, and others had contracted all kinds of diseases. Many among them had lost everything they once possessed, even their families. Many were also men of education.

One bearded gentleman of noble birth lay paralyzed upon his bed. With eyes fixed upon Helen, then upon me, he listened to every word we said. First in Russian, then in German, the way of salvation was made clear to him, he inquired of us whether he could really know that Christ

had forgiven his sins. The Spirit of God made it real to him as we portrayed in words the redemptive work of Calvary. Then, like a child, he repeated the prayers we prayed for him. He was assured before we left his bedside.

Another man had contracted tuberculosis of the knee and had been bedridden for three years. He had become bitter against God in the trial that had befallen him. His wife and daughters were far away in Norway. Perhaps he would never see them again. He spoke six languages. Natalia, a vivacious disposition, but who had gone through many dark valleys in her life, desired to bring the Gospel to him. But he refused to have her come near his bed. Then when we arrived the man became interested. In turn we made the way of salvation clear to him. He drank in our words, then said, "How is it that you evangelicals have such an optimistic joy?" And the answer was, "All because Christ dwells in our hearts." From that day on he bade the little Russian missionary to come to his bedside to tell him more about Jesus. "What a triumph!" Natalia Alexandrovna Dobrovolska said, her bright blue eyes twinkling with joy. It was impossible to stop at every bed, as much as we wanted to, and as we left that one ward an afflicted man called out to us, and said, "We know that you wanted to speak to us all but that it was impossible. Your smiles helped us anyway." Of course I went over and stooped to say a few personal words to him—Words of Life.

The Belgian government had invited thousands of D.P.'s to work in the coal mines and many of these displaced persons took advantage of the opportunity. If the men proved satisfactory after several months they were allowed to bring their families, if they had them, into the country. It was our privilege to visit the coal mine "Fanny" with Mr. Charles Grickman, one of God's choice missionaries

in Belgium. It was a priceless opportunity we had to speak to group after group of men who had come from various parts of Europe and represented Poles, Czechs, Germans, Russians, Lithuanians, Latvians and other nations.

Our place of contact was in a canteen operated by a Polish Christian family whose wholesome Christian life and quickening testimony were invaluable to their boarders. They were busy from morning until night serving meals and caring for their lodgings. They were father and mother to men, young and old, who were either left stranded in this world or far away from home. To see them eat the generous portions of potatoes and hot sausage with lettuce salad, meals such as have long ceased to exist among millions in Europe, was a pleasure.

The men listened intensely, then told their story. They asked questions about the United States and confessed that they had never heard of the Gospel. Young Germans told us that it was something new to them to hear of the Christian way of life, since they had been compelled to imbibe the Nazi teachings. There were Russians who had fled from Communism. There were others who had strayed in their search for protection.

At the end of the day a ghastly figure approached us like a ghost out of the dark, saying, "I've made it! I've made it!" I stopped to inquire what the man meant, for he was mere skin and bones. His blue eyes were sunk into their sockets. Around them were deep black rings like the shell rims of sunglasses and he was in his underwear, barefoot and limping. "I would have starved to death in Berlin," he told us, his voice filled with as much emotion as his strength allowed. "Had I died on the way to Belgium it would not have mattered. But I thought I would take the risk and live. So I walked all the way. I've made it."

What a spectacle of humanity he was! What a picture of uncamouflaged misery!

The story of Kalavrita, Greece, was not fiction by any means, when, during the Nazi occupation, the 1,790 inhabitants were called upon to die as a reprisal for a few Germans that had been killed by Greeks. It was on December 13, 1943, when the village was asked to meet in the open plaza. 750 men were led up to a hill, and the women and children were locked into a schoolhouse. The apprehensive men followed their captors who commanded them to sit down, not to rest, but to watch their homes burn to the ground. The sight of the flames, together with the screams of their women and children coming from the burning building, crazed some of the men so that they wanted to grab the German machine guns and turn them upon their enemies. Held back by those who had presence of mind, they refrained, for it would have cost them more reprisals elsewhere. "Hail, Greece! Hail, Freedom!" the men shouted in a spirit of patriotism. "Take courage," one cried, "for where many die together there is no death." An eyewitness said that "the Inquisition of the Middle Ages could not have been worse, so terrible it was."

The Germans laughed at the terrible scene and tried to make the men laugh, too. Then a flare bomb appeared in the sky, the men not knowing its significance. Not long after, the entire company was mowed to their death by the machine guns as one would mow grass. They passed over the slain to be sure that all were dead. But not all were. Those still alive remained as dead until they could escape. They were eleven men. The Greeks maintain that the village clock stopped right on the time when the killing took place. They also declare that the sun darkened as if to hide its face from beholding the wicked act.

The women and children in the schoolhouse would have

perished had it not been for an Austrian soldier who could not bear the cries any longer, especially when the blazing rafters were about to fall upon the innocent. He opened the door and let them out. Immediately, having heard the shots, they ran to the hills to see what had occurred to their men. When they arrived and found their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, one can imagine the scene that took place.

Not only are Europe's harps hung upon the willows, but there are many weeping willows to deplore the atrocities that have been committed during World War II. Children by the millions have become waifs and strays. A little boy was asked by one of Britain's noble relief workers whether it hurt beneath his arms where gangrene had already set in. He had used a broom turned upside down for a crutch. The little fellow answered, "It doesn't hurt now anymore." And when she touched one sore spot after the other, he would reply the same way. "But where does it hurt," the relief worker questioned him. "It must hurt somewhere." The little waif and stray pointed to his heart, and said, "It hurts inside." There are wounds of the heart that no one but God can heal. That little lad had been robbed of loved ones who would have cared for him.

A little brother and sister were found wandering on the roadside when this valiant relief worker met them. "Where are you going?" she asked them. "We don't know," they replied. "Where is your father . . . your mother . . .?" And again they answered, "We don't know." In response to the worker's inquiry as to where they slept at nights, the little brother spoke up and said, "With the sheep on the field." He explained how he tucked his head into the wool of the sheep's neck where it was warm. "And where does little sister sleep?" she asked tenderly as she held

their little hands. "Oh," he replied in a responsible manner, "sister sleeps under me. I keep her warm."

Another couple of children were found walking down the country road, aimlessly. They were thin from starvation. The kind relief worker put something to eat into their hands, encouraging them to bite into the food. They stared at her and made no attempt to eat. She tried to force them, sweetly, but they still looked at her with amazement. The relief worker had to leave them for a while, then returned. To her tearful surprise she found them still standing where she had found them, gazing at the food. Thousands of children have almost forgotten how to eat, they have been without food so long or have received so little.

"Many people say," I am quoting William R. Higginsbotham, United Press staff writer, London, October 31, 1947, "that if the plenty in small food-filled oases like Switzerland and Belgium were distributed all over Europe, it would be scarcely a morsel for the yawning maws of France, Germany, Austria and others. But in any estimate of Europe these contrasts must be reported, because in Europe, as anywhere, a man with enough money, or a traveler with dollars to spend, can eat and live comfortably if he pays the current rate. Beyond this there are great stretches of Europe, big cities, industrial areas and marginal farmlands where hand-to-mouth is the rule." In France, for instance, the masses thrive on their meager rations whereas the rich may find a back door in some hotel or restaurant where they can secure a good dinner for ten to fifteen dollars with an extra tip and a little prestige.

Conditions among the German people are appalling. Famine rages. Clothes are scarce. People have a little or no coal for cooking and warmth. Thousands are without a roof over their heads while those who have are compelled to share their apartments with other families—a room each.

"Infants are born where maternity hospitals have nothing more than a newspaper to offer to wrap them in," a nurse from Berlin told me as she described the dire need. Mortality is on the increase because mothers have hardly anything to feed their offspring. Children have no shoes to wear to school, nor necessary school supplies. Soap is a luxury. Young people have no future to inspire them and therefore roam about like vagabonds, unless controlled by some inward spirit of caution that prevents their surrendering to looseness. The garbage cans have become the hope of many hungry who search them to the bottom for potato peelings, a crust of bread, or leaves of vegetables.

Before leaving Belgium a company of us went to Malines to hear the famous carillion chimes. Malines was a typical Flemish city with stepped gables on slanting roofs, topped off by a figure of a patron saint, or a historic personage, or even a cupid. Streetcars brushed close to the curbstone of the narrow sidewalks and medieval lamps hung above the doorways. The Malines Cathedral was an enormous as well as gorgeous structure in the Gothic architecture of the Renaissance.

To hear the concert of chimes from the lofty tower of the church was to be transported from earth to heaven for an hour. As I listened, I thought. Looking eastward, and beyond the borders of Belgium, lay the length and breadth of Europe—the Unhappy Continent—where millions were playing "the last chord" upon the harps of their lives or hanging them upon the willows of despair. How I wished that the music of the carillions could have been carried over to them upon the wings of the wind! How I prayed that somehow God's Spirit might be that messenger of hope to them! And beneath the sound of their magnificent tones, in Belgium, were citizens of the country and strangers from foreign lands in need of the same comfort.

Chapter Six

EUROPE'S CHAMBERS OF HORROR

NAMES such as Dachau in Germany, Mauthausen in Austria, and Auswitz in Poland strike terror to the human heart. They represent places where millions, not thousands, have been cruelly put to death. These chambers of horror in Europe will ever be resented by those in the world whose sense of righteous indignation and human compassion rise up in protest against atrocities. Right in the midst of most gorgeous scenery in Austria, where lofty snow-capped mountains and luscious deep green meadows, crystal lakes and picturesque homes of Tyrol, draw out the admiration of nature-loving people, the Mauthausen Concentration Camp is like a spot of iniquity in the center of a paradise.

One of the most tragic crimes against humanity occurred here. Newspapers have reported it; eyewitnesses have seen it; and I shall never forget "Brat Czech's" own presentation

of it as he told of the things that had taken place. Of 15,000 Czechs taken prisoner, only 1,500 survived, he having been one of them. Sitting around the table of a humble and yet delightful home in Czechoslovakia, we listened, aghast.

"Coming out of the railroad station," he began, with head bowed and a lump in his throat, "the prisoners were made to face the stone wall so as not to know where they were being led. They were then marched through the streets of Mauthausen to their doom under guard. Exhausted from previous hardships such as traveling in box cars packed together like cattle for the slaughter, and with no food nor care such as becomes a human being, many fell dead on the way. These stone walls and barracks of the camp were built by forced labor. They used to be of wood. The prisoners were made to break and carry upon their backs the large and heavy blocks, climb 180 steps at a running pace to the crack of the whip. Those who could not bear up under the weight of the load were simply thrown over the edge of the mound to perish.

"Three times a day there was a roll call. Those assembled consisted of Germans who refused to be Nazis, Russian Communists, Jews and Czechs who were avowed enemies of the Germans. They were paraded around the square for exercise to the music of a brass band, then sent to work. As new lots of prisoners arrived, the older ones were classified according to nationality and political status and sent to other smaller camps around. The Jews were taken to the Terezin Camp in Czechoslovakia. A German Mennonite who had been compelled to work as an interpreter for the Gestapo in one camp soon died of a broken heart. The horrors were more than he could bear seeing. As long as he could, he helped the prisoners by

smuggling in whatever bread was available. Then his heart gave way to grief so that he died.

"Life in the concentration camp was no imagination to those who suffered the inhuman treatments allotted by those in charge. In Barrack No. 13 Czechs were starved to death or murdered by the hundreds during the winter of 1941 and 1942. Those who survived were poisoned in gas chambers.

"In the heat of the summer and in the cold of the winter the prisoners had to line up outside the camp kitchen to receive their meager morsel of food. Their bathing facilities were anything but fit for decent people. One hundred and fifty to two hundred men were made to take a bath in three minutes under the Gestapo commando, without the least comfort or privacy. They just stood beneath the sprinkling of water coming from pipes up along the ceiling of the room.

"Lynching chains, gas chambers and crematoriums were no pleasant surroundings to be in, especially the horrible sight of living skeletons huddled together in the presence of mounds of dead ones, waiting their final doom. We were deprived of human dignity. We had no more strength to lift a hand. Many gazed into space in mute despair, naked, wretched, speechless. We saw them drop dead and wondered when our turn would come. Steps led down to the crematory where the bodies of the dead were shoved into refrigerators until ready to be pushed into the fiery furnace to be cremated, six to eight at a time.

"Numbers were branded into the chests of the prisoners. Out of 2,400 Russians, only 50 were left after three months. Seven hundred prisoners in their desperation dug a hole in the floor of their barracks through which they had hoped to escape, but were caught and punished. Many of the men were worked to death. Others had been starved

and tortured to death. The sight of the helpless crippled added to the distressing scene from which mercy had heartlessly fled. Some prisoners tried to jump the barbed wire but were electrocuted and hung in the position in which death reaped their life. Others who made similar attempts were shot down instantly by the camp guards. A pathway fenced in by electrified wires became the pathway of death for many who were forced into the narrow passageway, and who, in an effort to hold on to the wires in the jam, were killed.

There was no getting away, no matter how men tried. Neither was there alleviation for the suffering and dying. Blood flowed like rivers. Life ebbed out like nothing. The 'Sanitorium' originally designed for sick horses was used, in mockery, for experimenting on sick human beings. Not rabbits, but 8,000 prisoners passed through this avenue of torture. The only clothes some men had to wear were their own bare skin over bones and a belt. A few had fragments of coverings.

"My number 41462 engraved upon an iron disk was tied around my wrist," Brat Czech said. "I never made any religious profession until I saw the dead and dying. Then I began to think. I started to pray for myself and for my loved ones—my good Christian wife and my two precious babes. I remembered how often she admonished me to become a Christian and I just let the time go by without paying any serious attention to her pleas." Then "Brat Czech" gave way to emotion and cried. "I was not afraid to die," he continued, "but I wanted to see my family once more to say good-bye to them. My dear wife baked a loaf of bread and hid the photos of my darling children in it. She managed to get it to me, and, when I discovered the treasure, I pressed it to my heart." As he told the story he took the photo out of his pocket

to let us see. His wife stood behind him, quietly, a lovely Christian woman of the Methodist church in Prague. Another photo was shown us of three American soldiers who helped liberate the remaining Czechs from the Mauthausen Concentration Camp. How? That he did not say. "Turnips to eat, coffee to drink, and beatings by the very shovels we used to work with was our daily bread," he added. "It was hard—very hard—yet I knew that my wife was praying for me. The Red Army was the first to capture the camp and to set us free."

The tragic fate of the Jews during World War II has also added a chapter to their history of troubles throughout the centuries. Although the Poles in general were not overly enthusiastic about their presence in the Warsaw Ghetto before the war, yet their indignation against Nazi atrocities carried out in that segregated section of the city aroused them to become their protectors as far as they were able to help the Jews to escape. However, for many there was little chance to "flee the wrath."

I well remember my first visit to the Warsaw Ghetto in 1939 when I preached to many of these, God's ancient people, in the Mildmay Mission and in the Episcopal Church. Their plight was already a sorrowful one at the time. These unemancipated people—wrapped in their ancient traditions, struggling to eke out an existence by means of a pushcart or junk shop, poor, ignorant and underprivileged, crowded into one-room apartments with large families, and with no privacy, comforts or common facilities to encourage decency—certainly touched my heart.

As I stood watching them pass by, the words of Jeremiah the prophet, in Lamentations, came to mind, when he said, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow" (Lam. 1:12). Two Jewish men attracted my attention as I saw them bend-

ing over a newspaper, reading the latest news on the possibilities of war. They had on their customary long black coats over trousers fixed into three-quarter boots; they also wore prayer-sashes and a brimless cap. On their prominent noses a pair of glasses were perched and they used their hands in the customary Jewish fashion.

When Helen Zernov and I went to the Ghetto during the summer of 1947, the scene had changed. Not a house remained. Not a mouse appeared to show some sign of life. There was no rafter left for a bat to hang from nor a corner in which a sparrow could build its nest. Not the cry of a child or the bark of a dog could be heard. Desolation! Nothing but desolation! Before us lay a vast area of debris. That was all. We went over to the prison that had been taken over by the Nazis during their occupation and where the Jews had been shot and burned. We stood on one place where murder had been perpetrated without a pang of conscience. We also stood on another spot where those that had succumbed were burned. We literally walked on human ashes, and picked up bits of human bones strewn about. In the Ghetto alone some 300,000 Jews perished. In Poland at large approximately 60,000 survived 3,000,000 of their race. Jeremiah's poignant words kept repeating in my mind, as he cried, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!" (Jer. 9:1). And the Auswitz Concentration Camp told another bitter story.

The German Gestapo had planned to clean up Warsaw, and all Poland, Europe, and the entire world, of the Jew, not reckoning, however, on God and His retribution from the courts of heaven. History has proven again and again that it is far wiser to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem" (Ps. 122:6) than to fight against her. No matter what a

Jew may be guilty of (since the Gentile is also guilty before God), it is not for the Christian to lay his hand upon him. "They shall prosper that love thee," God has promised in His Word.

One day the Jews had been commanded to assemble in a downtown square of the city, to be assigned some work, they thought. Instead, they were on the way to their doom in the gas chambers of the Auswitz Concentration Camps. It was in this camp that the Gestapo commander was tried at the end of the war; when he was condemned to be hanged on the "Wall of Death" upon which he had hanged so many Poles and Jews, the judges having accused him of being guilty of destroying approximately 5,000,000 lives, the Gestapo commander contradicted, saying that the number had been exaggerated. He had been responsible only for about 2,500,000 deaths!

One touching incident happened in Warsaw as the helpless Jews were being loaded into box cars and their crying babes thrown in after them, while some of the younger toddlers were trampled to death as if by a stampede. The rabbi, seeing the tears of his people, and himself one of the captives with no way out, tried to comfort the afflicted. "Tears will not help us," he admonished. "We must suffer the consequences of the sins of our fathers. This is God's judgment upon us." And he read to them out of the Old Testament before they passed into eternity. Eyewitnesses were petrified with fear and paralyzed with tears as they saw the punishment of these people carried out so brutally. Jews from all over Europe were sent into this chamber of horrors.

Dachau, in Germany, was the triplet of Auswitz and Mauthausen. Trains of Jews and others from among the Gentiles met with the same fate. The Jew-hatred originated in Adolf Hitler's heart in this our generation and the seed

of it was most profusely sown in the city of Mannheim. On every public building or restaurant or even home there was a sign put up, by law, *Juden Nicht Gewuenscht* ("Jew Not Wanted"). Here also Allied bombs later reduced the city to ruins. In Frankfurt am Main a Jew wanted to get into a streetcar and was forbidden to do so by the conductor. In his buttonhole he wore the Star of David, which ostracized him from public privileges. A few sympathetic women stood by, feeling sorry for the man, and encouraged him by saying "Wait, sir, the day will come when you will be allowed to ride our streetcars again." No sooner had these women said this when the man turned the lapel of his coat where they saw the Nazi Swastika. "So you are also among the Jew-sympathizers," he said, arresting them.

Many of the synagogues were burned. Once a man was arrested because he said to the man next to him as they watched the building crumbling, "What a shame to do such a thing!" In one instance, however, the woodwork of a synagogue had been soaked with gasoline in order to burn the structure down; but somehow the fire refused to take. The crowds standing around noted the incident as remarkable while the Nazis tried to set a match to it again and again, and the fire would not take. "It looks as if God will not let it burn," a voice said.

Corrie Ten Boom of Holland had been placed in a concentration camp for having protected the Jews. The home of her family changed into a place of refuge for God's ancient people. Neighbors warned them of the dangers to which they were exposing themselves. The Gestapo was bound to find out. To this her aged father, then eighty-four years old, replied, "It will be a privilege to die for them." Both he and Corrie's sister succumbed to

the hardships of the concentration camp. Corrie came out of the chamber of horrors with the ardent desire to return to Germany to tell the people of the love of God, not to relate horror stories. As I talked with her at the I.C.C.L. conference in Zurich, she said in the glowing words of a true Christian: "The concentration camp became my consecration camp."

Chapter Seven

EUROPE'S SONGS IN THE NIGHT

HOW shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" the Israelites asked one another as they sat "by the rivers of Babylon" with tear-stained faces. Far from their native land and from things near and dear to them, they were now among a strange people. It is unnatural to sing in the midst of sorrows. It is supernatural to have "songs in the night." Some people in Europe were actually led into the land of the stranger. Others had the stranger take possession of their land. However, in the heartbreak of bereavement, the Spirit of God is able to comfort the trusting child of God.

Listen to Poland's tale of sorrow! Give ear to her "songs in the night"! The greatest congregations of Polish Christians are now under the Red Flag. Just before the outbreak of World War II a mighty revival took place in eastern Poland during which thousands were swept into the Kingdom through the Gospel. Divine providence un-

doubtedly was at work in view of what God foresaw would come. I had just come out of the Ukraine into Roumania and was busy with meetings in Bucharest and Transylvania.

I had to cancel my appointments for Bessarabia, the Bucavina and the Dobrodsha when the war broke loose and the refugees were fleeing into Romania. I had to flee.

After the war, in 1947, Helen Zernov and I flew from Prague to Warsaw in less than two hours. From the air we saw the scattered villages amid the fields and forests. Then, looking down upon Polish territory closely, we spotted many wrecked homes and farms. A delegation of the Union of Evangelical Churches of Poland met us at the airport. Their secretary, Mr. Ludwig Shenderowsky, was an unusual combination of an able businessman and a capable lay-preacher. His typical vivaciousness was contagious and we were touched by his goodness toward us as representing his good people. We were taken to Praha, a suburb of Warsaw, in the mission car, a little larger than a Baby Austin. As we entered the bullet-riddled apartment house where we were to stay, we noticed a shrine of the Virgin Mary, wreathed in flowers and electric lights, in the courtyard. Our happy hostess bid us a hearty welcome although we had to climb the eighty-six steps of a dark and dingy staircase to get it.

If ever anybody wanted to see a bombed city, do not take him to London but to Warsaw, where 90 per cent of the city lies in ruins. Whatever houses were spared from being utterly destroyed were at least badly damaged or "pock-marked," as Helen described them. Poor Poland! How could she have helped herself when wedged in between two enemies? First the Germans invaded the land in 1944; then the Russians marched in. She was the buffer-state between the rivals. The first invasion of Poland by the

Nazis took a considerable toll in life; the insurrection, later, simply destroyed the capital and other cities.

"Warsaw was like a sea of roaring flames rising sky high," friends told us as they tried to picture the awful sight. "The fires burned for months until they gradually smoldered away and went out. The screams of the perishing seeking to flee their burning homes was more than we could endure hearing. And there was no way to save them. As the people attempted to escape from the buildings, they were shot down on the spot by the Nazis. Air-raid shelters caved in like dust, burying alive thousands of human beings into untimely graves." Certainly World War I was nothing in comparison with this. When whistling bombers flew low with breath-taking speed, the strongest foundations of Warsaw shook as if by the tremor of an earthquake. The mines blew up massive structures into the air as if sand were being blown into space. "Only as these explosions stopped for a half-hour or so, did we realize the meaning of peace," they said.

We drove through the ill-fated city and were aghast to see the devastation. Municipal and historic buildings had crumbled. Business houses and homes were rubble. The main post office stood stripped of its adornments while the Life Insurance Building resembled a ghost in the clear. The Roman Catholic Church was leveled to the ground with her mighty pillars broken into pieces like match sticks. Loads of bricks, shattered doors and battered windows, twisted iron, parts of roofs and rafters—all lay in mounds of debris or split over the thoroughfares in a wild conglomeration.

How the Poles fought for their freedom! How they sought to remain a nation on their own! I have always heard that the Poles were a freedom-loving people, and that is true. If a Pole were buried beneath a mount of

debris, and was still alive, he would wriggle until he found his way into the open again. And who would not cherish "freedom from want, freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom from fear"?

The insurrection was an example of Poland's desire to be a free people. When the Russians were approaching Warsaw to drive out the Germans, they called upon the Poles to co-operate with them. Trusting their word of promise to assist them in the attack, the Polish underground went to work for that purpose. When the moment came, the people rose, each having been instructed as to what to do. But in the midst of the uprising, when the Poles went at it with all their might, the promised help from the Russians did not come. The Red Army was only ten kilometers away from Warsaw but it retreated from the scene of battle over sixty kilometers. The Red Army gave the reason that, after all, it was a people's movement, not a communistic effort. The Poles were now left to their fate. The Germans got the upper hand and blew the Polish capital to pieces.

Many of the Poles were killed. Many were led captive into forced labor camps. Long was the march of families into a "strange land" while prisons filled with condemned political leaders. "We never undressed," our friends told us. "The sound of one blast after another kept us awake and under a nervous tension." Poland lay torn and bleeding when the Russians took over, although a native government was permitted to operate under their chief control. If Poland becomes Communistic it is because she has no alternative. Not only her geographical location obliged her to submit to Russia, but like the Baltic States, she had been betrayed and promised to the Soviet. Now one sees Russian officers in Polish uniforms in Warsaw. Besides, the Russian officer is permitted to have seventy-three rounds in

his hand-machine gun whereas the Polish officer has only seven, as was told us.

A number of names in the city have been changed to suit the Soviet. It is now Stalin Street instead of Uyasdowsky. The statue of Poland's revered liberator, Pilsudky, has also been replaced by trees. Poland's coal is being shipped into Russia at the rate of 8,000 tons a month and for a price per ton that is two hundred times less than what she must pay if she needs to buy it back from Russia again. Wood is weighed by the pound and stick by stick used, carefully, for cooking. Food, clothes and all items commonly necessary are very expensive. It used to take 360 slotes per month for a family to live. Now it takes 1,000 slotes per day. The black market flourishes in the east.

In spite of Poland's troubles, the people still have a sense of humor. One Pole said, "We have never been so great a nation before with Moscow for our capital." Another pointed to the Polish Eagle on the wall and remarked, "They have taken the crown off his head but they are having a hard time to turn his face from right to left." Again another told of a man who, after he had been whirled around in a bag and then released, was asked in which direction the passing train was traveling. He answered, "If it's loaded, to the east; if empty, to the west."

And yet, wonder of wonders, God is working! He is giving "songs in the night"! Poland is stretching out her hands for the Gospel. Her fields are ripe for the message of God's saving grace. Everywhere we traveled, heaven-sent revivals came. Now is the time, the golden opportunity, to make Christ known to the people. Even in her peculiar situation as a nation under the Soviet, the Polish government has proclaimed religious liberty. It is challenging the Protestant churches to go forward with evangelism. The

nation has suffered untold wrongs, and is, therefore, ready for the things of God.

One admired the persistence of the people as they stood in line throwing usable bricks from hand to hand in an effort to rebuild their waste places. Though the need for homes, food, clothes and other things is great, greater still is their need of the glorious Gospel message. In the meetings the people sat for hours listening with tears in their eyes. There was no need to coax them to the altar. They flocked there spontaneously.

The Russian Gospel Association, Chicago, of which the Rev. Peter Deyneka is founder and director, has been greatly used of God in Poland and other Slavic countries. Relief for body and soul has come from the mission's headquarters to many thousands. Thirty-three workers were supported by the association in 1947 and almost a score of new missionaries are ready to give their lives for evangelism in Europe, looking to the R.G.A. for support.

Helen Zernov, a field representative of the association, and I, traveled some three thousands kilometers through Poland in company with the president of the Union of Evangelicals, Franciszek Wieckiewicz, a grand old Christian gentleman of fearless and fervent courage in the work of the Lord. He and his family were among those marched into a strange land by the Nazis after the awful insurrection. However, due to a remarkable and inexplicable circumstance, they were released and sent back to Warsaw. The Lord had His hand upon this father in Israel and spared him for the needed leadership of the Church.

Often our beds were benches and our food a chunk of native bread with weak tea, or perhaps a sandwich and a pickle. At night the trains were unlighted, and by day they were so crowded that people occupied the roof of the

car and stood along the steps on the out-side while the train was in motion. In many places facilities for washing were conspicuously absent. Water was rare, and rarer still the luxury of privacy. Nevertheless, these temporal inconveniences were part of being a soldier of the Cross. Our Captain, Christ Jesus, had no place to lay His head.

Nor was the hand of the Lord shortened to make His given messages effective through interpreters that were indispensable. The Holy Spirit, that great Inspirer of God's Word, was present to make real to hearts the Way, the Truth and the Life. Time meant nothing to people who sought the Lord. The ruins around them, outside, gave silent witness to the futility of the things of earth, and caused them to look beyond to those of eternal worth. Curtained windows of once happy homes were now like hollow eyes staring mutely upon the desolations of a vanished past. "Our hearts have been severed from 'things,'" one believer said. "All that matters now is the Lord in our lives."

Many sights we saw on our way from place to place. Trains of evacuees passed us, and pathetic it was to see them feeding the horses in one box car, milking the cows in another, keeping an eye on the children amid the sheep in a third car, with bedding and bundles and farm implements stacked alongside of house furnishings. Pigs and pans mingled. Fathers and mothers with dazed looks gazed into the sky, unkempt, sad and wondering. Some evacuees had been called out of their homesteads within an hour or so, with no opportunity, or permission, to take along any more than what they wore or could carry in hand. They could have sung, had they known the song, "This world is not my home." With real understanding this pilgrimage into a strange land became their bread of tears, their

water of adversity. But they were too dumbfounded even to think.

The city of Stettin and other cities near by once belonging to the Germans were badly bombed. While nature burst out with refreshing green and the sun shone brightly in the heavens, while the pine trees sent their fragrance upon the breeze and birds peeped from the boughs, there was nothing but desolation where people had once lived. Repeatedly the expression came to my mind "the abomination that maketh desolate," mentioned in the book of Daniel. The Oder River over which our train went was a vivid paradox of beauty and destruction. Tracks hung from blasted bridges like strings of firecrackers. Men were busy salvaging the iron structures out of the water beneath which loads of war materials lay.

A ragged boy met us at the station and wanted to carry our bags. Outside stood a lone carriage whose driver hoped that we might use it. Streetcar windows were patched with corrugated paper because there were no window panes to be had. A woman who may have driven her own car, once upon a time, now pulled an improvised wagon behind her. The names of the squares of Stettin were also changed to suit the Soviet. We walked down the Boulevard of the Red Army. Not a German family remained in the city. Those who did not flee on their own were commanded out, and had to leave their homes just as they were for other families, whether Polish or Russian, to occupy.

On a second visit to Poland, after we had been in Germany, Helen and I were present at the Worker's Conference in Warsaw. Peter Deyneka and Bob Evans of Youth for Christ had also arrived for the occasion. What a time we had! A genuine Holy Ghost revival among the pastors and the people, especially among the young, broke

out. The Rev. Deyneka and the Rev. Evans organized the first Youth for Christ in Poland during those days. The church was packed. People stood along the walls. The services lasted from five to seven hours each. Nobody became tired. Nobody seemed to be hungry. Message after message was poured out in the demonstration of the Spirit and people were rooted up from their seats and came to the front when Peter made the final appeals. Peter's fire and Bob's fervor created a glowing flame. The people dropped to their knees at the altar, wept their way through to God, and then dedicated their lives for service. Not an eye was dry. We, too, could not withhold our tears of joy at such a sight. How the Poles did sing! How they are able to sing! Deep were the minor strains that gripped the soul. God had given them " songs in the night."

During the conference more than seventy-five workers had gathered from all parts of Poland. These men who hazarded their lives for the Gospel's sake were mostly untrained. Up until then there was no Bible school at which to prepare. But the dream of such a needed school became a reality. Three bodies of evangelicals united in the effort. Government permission had been granted and legal documents signed. All now depends upon the Lord's further guidance and support through His praying people in the homeland.

The young people looked for leadership to guide them in the Christian way of life. Youth had been badly stranded by the injury of warfare and left to shift aimlessly toward an uncertain future. With a choice committee of young Polish blood, boys and girls and young men and women rallied around the banner of the Cross. Glory shown on their faces as they were uplifted to heaven with eyes sparkling with tears. God had saved their souls! The

Lord had given them hope! New songs in the night had been given them to play upon their heart-strings.

Two baptismal services took place during the conference: one in the Vistula River, where six were baptized, the other in a lake near Piotrekow, where fourteen were baptized. These converts meant business with God as they descended the banks of their Jordan. They broke with the world to follow their Lord. It costs something to be a Christian in Poland, in Russia, in any country in the world where persecution and misunderstanding pursue the believer.

The conference in Piotrekow was another proof that Poland was ready for a revival. Only a few years ago such an occasion would have been met with a volley of Roman Catholic protests. However, things had changed for the benefit of the evangelicals. The police were there to protect them. The entire town turned out some time during the day to hear God's Word. The assembly room was far too small to hold the crowds pushing their way in. Even we had to elbow ourselves through to the front.

At times it was suffocating. But we did not mind. Once the room darkened with human faces filling up the windows. Scores of inquirers gave us no rest between the services. Helen was lost out of sight in the midst of one crowd. Bob was taken by violence, to make the picture vivid, by those who admired his great height and heart. Peter had no rest, either. Nor I! They caged me in like a bird unable to fly away. I was showered with questions, even by the town police who had come both to hear us and protect us.

Chapter Eight

EUROPE'S FIERY REVIVALS

THOUGH I walk in the midst of trouble," David said, "thou wilt revive me" (Ps. 138:7). These words are most appropriately expressed in connection with Germany at this time of distress. Often the Lord has no way to draw us to Himself except by bands of love hidden within bands of judgment. The land that once moved an entire world by the Great Reformation must now be moved back into the power of its life. The people who once evangelized the ends of the earth need now themselves to be evangelized at home. Under the fiercest bombings, revivals took place. In the midst of the greatest fires there were those who glorified God.

Those who have known Germany before the war will now be astonished to find cities like Berlin, Frankfurt am Main, Stuttgart and others of Germany's pride, reduced to rubble. Where life was once active and progressive, silence speaks

and death reigns. A pitiful sight, indeed! Need cries out from every nook and corner. The ghastly remains of what used to be instill a solemn awe. The future of Germany looks dark, very dark, unless God in His mercy directs the destiny of the nation from under the shadow of the east to the brightness of the west.

Helen Zernov and I came into Germany via Basel, Switzerland. From break of day we watched one ruined city after the other pass by in a panorama of solemn warnings—Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Darmstadt. Friends from the Baptist Church in Frankfurt am Main came to receive us at the station. They were once the picture of health. Now they were as thin as rails. The grip of appreciation was still felt in the handshake although the hand itself was nothing but skin and bones. Through them we had been ordered to come to the "Hoch House" to meet Col. Paul Maddox, Chief Chaplain of the United States Army in Frankfurt, a man of marvelous Christian character and of imposing military personality.

The Visitors' Bureau assigned us rooms at the Excellsior Hotel and instructions were given to dine at the Carlton. It happened to be Helen's birthday, August 22, and we made the occasion of the military review our party for it. How our Negro "Snowflakes" (M.P.'s) played the band and marched! How our soldiers passed in formations and in step! It thrilled us. Then came the lowering of the flag—the Old Glory—and the cannon report. *God Bless America* was sung, and we said to each other, "May America bless God." Beyond the barbed wire that fenced in the United States Military Headquarters lay a city in ruins, with a people in need.

We used script money—red-backs instead of green-backs. The German people had their own currency which visitors and military personnel could not use. The only and best

way we could tip for service was to give a bar of chocolate, a spool of thread, a piece of soap, a tin of minced ham or the like, for the German people were virtually unable to procure any of these articles. Tears trickled down the cheeks of fathers when they received from us a piece of chocolate for their children, who seldom or never saw the sweet. And I never failed to speak to them about the Lord as they drove the taxis for the Americans. Often I would sing a hymn to them while they drove, some good old hymn I remembered from my childhood days.

Neither did it take us long to realize the German's desperate need for food, so Helen and I emptied our suitcase of virtually all foodstuffs and of clothes to the limit. I held on to the three-pound box of California dates for a while but decided that it ought to go to someone who needed the contents more than I did. We did retain a piece of Kraft cheese and a piece of hard salami.

Peter Deyneka arrived precisely the same day we did. We had a great revival at the "Round-Up House" where Americans and Germans met together under the shelter of God's Word. We took turns in giving a message, Peter last, and the altar was filled with young people seeking God. There was also a streetcar called the "Round-Up No. 39" that picked up only those who had an American passport. No carfare was required.

In the Baptist Church near the Tiergarten Chaplain Baergen of Villa Park near Chicago joined us in a service that was owned of God. Though worn with the weight of sorrow and care, the congregation appreciated the Word of comfort and encouragement brought to them by their American fellow-believers.

In Stuttgart, Peter Deyneka, Helen and I, accompanied by two Russian-speaking American chaplains, went to a Slavic rally where seven nations from sixteen D.P. Camps

had come together. Many of them walked distances. Others came by train from places as far as four hundred kilometers away. And did they sing! Their minor strains carried the pathos and depth of which only the Slavic people are capable. Although they had lost all, God had given them the gift of song that would carry them over and through the valleys of sorrow that had become theirs during World War II. We had a stirring revival.

Then in Ludwigsburg, not far from Stuttgart, we experienced another rivival in a D.P. Camp. It had been the first among those people. The auditorium was filled with men, women and children. Such a mixture of races! They possessed only one hymnbook, a hand-written one, sewed together with a precious piece of thread. The chief singer was a blue-eyed young woman and she held the treasure up before her, high enough so that the improvised choir standing around her could read from it. They sang from the fullness of their hearts—even the hymn with fifteen verses and a chorus to each! After the service the people gathered around us to shake hands. They related their stories, one by one, as they had opportunity. One man showed us the number 806,941 branded into his arm by the Nazis as one would brand an animal. Others were separated from their families not knowing where they were. One man told us that people had been killed in the concentration camps faster than a glass could be broken, and when I asked one young man how much a piece of bread had cost him, he answered, "It cost life." There were 1,300 people in this particular section of the D.P. Camp and we measured out one room in which three couples and two single persons lived—four and one-half by six and one-half meters. Rations were small but the people did not complain. They were glad to have come

through the fiery trials with their lives, and were now ready for the fiery revivals.

Eighty-five per cent of Frankfurt am Main was destroyed. Beneath the ruins thousands lay buried. Friends told me how they would hear their knocks for help, each day the knocks becoming fewer and lighter until they were heard no more. Trapped in the shattered building, and without hope of aid from rescue workers, they were hopelessly lost.

I was granted permission to take a German couple I knew to the Carlton Hotel for several meals, and I will never forget the experience. When they entered the lovely dining room their faces glowed, and when they saw the meal before them on the table, tears glittered in their eyes like crystal. They could not believe that such a meal was possible, a meal that was very simple, though wholesome. Like children they pointed out to me what they saw—meat, potatoes, vegetables, soup, bread and butter, and desert and coffee at the close of the feast. The next morning they related to me how they could not sleep all night, "and I suppose it was because of the three cups of coffee you drank, each. No wonder!" I interrupted. "No, no," came the reply, "the coffee may have kept us awake because we hadn't seen coffee for so many years, but it was the overwhelming joy we felt in our hearts to think that God should still be so good to us, after all we had done that was wrong. We just lay upon our beds, praising the Lord, singing." It was by these two Christian people that the following wonderful story of a revival amid the fiery bombings of Frankfurt am Main was told me.

"When the city was under the heavy air raid, we turned our shelter in the cellar into a prayer room. Horrified neighbors took refuge with us because they felt safe in a place where God was honored. When the air-raid signals were given and we heard the planes coming from a distance,

the vibrations were so strong that we shook from head to foot. Then when the thousand or more planes at a time shrieked over the city, dove down to unladen their bombs, soared up into the skies again like giant birds from an inferno, our blood would almost clot in our veins. Sometimes we shook like reeds in the wind. With cyclonic speed other planes would dive and rise again and vanish into the ether for the purpose of dropping their deadly loads. The bombs burst. Fires were kindled everywhere. Flames swept the city like the gale of a hurricane, ravishing whatever they could catch hold of. Even the strongest buildings fell like toy blocks and the crashing noises of burning masses of timber and twisting iron, aglow with fire, created a virtual hell around us.

No words can ever describe the horrors the phosphorus bombs brought upon mankind. They set both man and material aflame. Their fires flowed like glowing water. Whoever was caught in the hades of their flames was lost. The heat melted the asphalt on the streets and when people sought to flee their burning homes, and stepped into the softened mass, they stuck fast, and perished as the fires encircled them and lit them up like burning torches.

"Wherever the phosphor traveled, fires were started. Only when the water evaporated was its deadly work stayed. But as soon as the least bit of water contacted it again, everything around was set ablaze. The poisonous burns on the human body were incurable. They ate the flesh, and unless the infected parts were removed or amputated, the person was bound to die. Some people's lungs burst into pieces with the repercussions of exploding bombs. One woman was caught between some burning rafters. She could not move. Neither could her frantic husband save her. Whether Catholic or Protestant," they said, "all learned how to pray and call upon the living God for mercy

during those awful days. The verse the Lord gave us was in Psalm 139:5, 'Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.'

"On other occasions a feeling of electricity went through our bodies at the sound of the warning sirens. Perplexity and agitation seized us. We felt abnormal reactions. During such moments, or hours, we resorted to prayer. And it was during such times that God met us graciously. We had been Christians for many years, even from youth, and our fathers were elders in the church. But something more, and greater, occurred, when, under these conditions, the Holy Spirit baptized us. We experienced a fiery revival in the midst of the fires. An old woman in our shelter wanted to scream with agony as things outside were taking a bad turn. 'Have faith in God,' we exhorted her at a time when we ourselves were put to the test of 'having faith.' She calmed down, saying, 'Why should I be afraid when God is here?' Sometimes one or two thousand bombers encircled the city as vultures encircle their prey. The heavens would darken, too, as the incendiary bombs dropped and set things on fire.

"A miracle happened to us, once. You see, every house around us is either burnt out or burnt down," these friends continued to relate in a spirit of triumph. "Our house is the only one standing undamaged. One day, however, the fires were already creeping up to our house, just about licking the walls. The wind was against us and in the natural there was no hope to save it. We resorted to prayer, asking the Lord to intervene. We would become His servants to make Him known to others, if He did, we promised. The miracle happened. The wind split as the waters of the Red Sea divided in the crossing of God's ancient people through it." A set of circumstances must have been created by the hand of God that divided the wind,

perhaps the explosion of a bomb which changed the atmospheric condition and split the wind by its concussions. It was the intervening hand of God in answer to prayer, ultimately.

Not far from the home of these German Christians an old evangelical pastor was helplessly sitting in his parish library while the flames were gradually devouring his home. He could not move for there was no one to carry him down into the air-raid shelter. The flames could be heard crackling overhead on the next floor, and, not thinking of himself so much as of his library about to be consumed, he prayed that the Lord might spare it for those who were to continue the ministry after he had gone. The prayer was answered; the library was spared. The fire ceased, and the pastor, too, escaped death.

The Baptist Church at Tiergarten was the only building left in the midst of a devastated area. The remarkable story of God's intervention was told us, how that the pastor shoveled out the fire as it crept into the basement of the building where he and others sought refuge from the bombings and how he took burning objects in his bare hand and threw them out through the door.

Then on our way to Berlin, Chaplain Baergen and we had a most interesting time watching the cities we passed. We stopped at Friedberg (Hess), not far from the university city of Marburg upon a beautiful hill. A group of happy young Germans were singing songs that we recognized as hymns. Inquiring of the leader what the group represented, the answer was: "We stand for positive Christianity. We love the Lord." It touched our hearts to find that God was taking possession of the German youth. For the duration of the stop we sang with them. Then as the train pulled out we pointed to heaven, and they responded with gestures which meant "We'll meet up there one day!"

Berlin is divided into four sectors—the American, the British, the French and the Russian. One may pass through any of the sectors freely, even through the Russian, if careful; however, one could never pass through the zones of these occupation countries, except with a military permit, and never through the Russian Zone on foot, only by train and with a military permit. The Iron Curtain hangs wherever Soviet Russia has taken control. Seventy-five per cent of Berlin is ruined. The historic center known to thousands, with the once prominent edifices such as the former Kaiser Palace, the University, the Reichstag, the Chancellery, the Opera House, the Lust Garten and others are destroyed. The city will never be built as it was. The Russians have taken over this part of the old German capital and were busy ripping from the ground and off the walls whatever valuable materials for reconstruction they could seize. Beautiful marble floors and walls, wonderful pieces of Mosaic art, metal, woodwork, etc., from Hitler's Chancellery were being taken away as we visited there. The trees "Unter Den Linden" were all gone. On the Brandenburger Tor the U.S.S.R. flag with Hammer and Sickle waved. From the Pillar of Triumph that had commemorated the German victory over the French in 1870 the French flag now fluttered. The Soviet encroached upon the British sector to operate the radio station and to build their monument of triumph upon it. We could not understand why.

In company with a British colonel we visited a very lovely Russian-German missionary couple living in the Russian sector. Our visit surprised them, but they were even more surprised by the parcel of food we took them. Their joy knew no bounds as we brought greetings from the Christians in the United States and England and those from eastern Europe. The two dozen chocolate bars were

especially appreciated by the sick who had little to eat. We invited the couple to come to the United States sector for a meal at the Truman Hall restaurant. The wife deplored the fact that she could not leave the house but her husband was free to come along. And did he enjoy the meal! Before he left the house, she put her arms around him, hugged him vigorously, kissed him, Russian-fashion, first on the right cheek, then on the left. "Don't kiss me so hard," the husband said to the wife. "I'm coming back again! I'm not going forever!" On other occasions, when persons vanish into the unknown suddenly and without warning, it might have been the last this man saw of his wife. "They have calculated," the Colonel told us on our way through the shattered city of Berlin, "that if a thousand tons of debris were removed from the city per day, it would take thirty years to clear Berlin."

Another family related to us their experiences in Berlin where they had labored as missionaries. Once they were employed as janitors of several houses, in order to help pay for their rent that way. Hungry Poles from the forced labor camps came and searched the garbage cans for food. Moved to tears as she saw the miserable men seize potato peelings, crusts of bread and leaves of vegetables, she invited some of them into her home and gave them the little food she had. One day a black-shirted Hitler-warden came to the door demanding of her an explanation for her feeding the Poles. "I am a Christian," she answered, realizing that the act of mercy would be repaid by imprisonment in a concentration camp. However, within three days the man was sent to the front and she heard no more about the matter. Then she filled paper bags with cooked potatoes and hid them in the garbage cans between the refuse for the hungry Poles to find.

For a time the missionary couple was permitted to dis-

tribute Bibles until, one day, their permit was taken from them by the Nazi authorities who forbade them to do further spiritual work in the camps. But obeying God more than man, they continued. The Nazi Gestapo even forced them to sign an official paper to that effect, but still they trusted God in the midst of the dangerous trial. The people wanted to hear the Word of God. A congregation of three hundred Russians and Germans met in a certain woods for services whenever it was possible. Twenty to thirty people met behind locked doors in their home with window blinds pulled down. They sang, read the Scriptures, prayed and held their services as quietly as they could.

It was during a time of great need that the wife had to exchange her fur coat for a few pounds of potatoes and a radio for much-needed rye. Because of weakness the youngest of three sons could hardly stand on his feet, and it took some time for him to recuperate from starvation. They, too, had passed through the fiery trials of World War II and had come out of them with a glowing testimony of having received fiery revivals in their individual lives.

It takes courage to carry on for God under the very threat of a German Gestapo or under the frown of the Soviet G.P.U. However, such trials reveal the quality of faith and love and devotion which Christians have toward God.

Just before leaving Germany on a second visit, Peter Deyneka and I met a fine German youth leader who reported to us about the Youth for Christ in Germany, a movement kindled by God Himself in the hearts of Christian German youth leaders and which was enjoying wonderful results. Throughout Germany youth groups were being organized. Young people were studying the Word of

God and were becoming Christians by the scores. They had already elected a national leader and all Protestant churches, evangelically minded, united their efforts with isolated youth groups, for the evangelization of Germany's young people. Truly, God had sent Germany fiery trials. Now He is sending Germany fiery revivals.

Chapter Nine

EUROPE'S STRATEGIC CORNER

BEAUTIFUL though strategic is the situation of Turkey in the southeastern corner of Europe. The hammer and sickle and the Crescent and Star lie close at each other's doorstep. Soviet Russia's wishful ambition is one day to control that magnificent waterway leading out from the mighty Black Sea into the Bosporus Straits, then through the Marmora Sea and the famous Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, and out into every part of the world. With each new war new efforts are made to seize it. Turkey, however, is holding her own. With a distant smile, she is standing as aloof as possible from the undesirable approaches of her neighbor. She is also wishfully hoping that the "unless" of her situation may turn out for her benefit.

Turkey is located where the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa meet. This geographical advantage has

laid in her commercial lap the "business" for which she is envied. Turkey has an easy access to the Balkans, to Greece and to Palestine. Ships pass in the night as well as in the day from the ends of the earth, heavily laden for her international market. To stand around the water front of Istanbul is to see a most fascinating picture of Oriental life with a slight touch of the Occidental. Mosques and minerets point to the skies as a witness to the faith of Islam that there is one God. Who would not be charmed sailing up and down the blue and swift waters of the Bosporus along which lie crowded into a photo the gorgeous Palace of Dolma Bagche (the Filled Gardens) and many other picturesque sights? Who would not also be alarmed by pending possibilities of a changing order should Soviet pressure insist? Sunsets such as one sees from the rooftop of the American School in Scutari, on the Asiatic side, make one forget these weighty problems, briefly, as the sky fills with rose and purple and gold in a maze of glory.

Turkey is rapidly passing through changes. The past quarter of a century has raised her out of many antiquated ideas into the modern new. According to history "Byzantum ruled 1,000 years; Constantine and his successors reigned 11 years; the Ottoman Sultans held sway 400 years; and now there is modern republican Turkey." The foundations of Constantinople were laid by Constantine the Great, 328-257 A.D. During her recent reforms awakened leaders have led the people from a life of bondage to old customs to the freedom of modern ways. In other words, the light of the west has brightened the night of the east, making Turkey a more progressive and prosperous country. Turkey's social, political and educational reforms have revolutionized the entire nation so that her sons and daughters are free to go abroad to the

United States and England to study the democratic way of life.

This experience of widening interests naturally is reflected in the general conduct of the nation's home and public way of life. Tasseled fezes and long beards are done away with as a rule. In the past, by Moslem dictates a man was obliged to marry more than one wife whereas now he is permitted by law to marry only one. In days gone by a woman could see only that part of the world outside which was visible through the lattice of dormer windows. Now she can let her mind and vision reach out beyond the seas to the culture of others of her sex who are unbound by such enslaving conditions. Turkish women no longer wear baggy trousers with embroidered vests, velvet jackets and veils over their faces. Turkish women are now seen walking the streets in European clothes and with the freedom of European women. The Moslem creed—that woman had no soul—has been proved a mistake by the women who have risen to places of responsibility and carried the welfare of their country upon their hearts. Once ignorant they are now educated, and the very harems in which they lived imprisoned have been converted into schools for their advancement.

Shops are no longer opened on Sundays, and plenty of business is being done on the Fridays of their Islam Sabbaths. The Turkish language has been changed from ancient signs to modern romanization. Oriental reserve is giving way to Occidental freedom. There are exceptions to the rules, and some conservative men and women, though few, hold to original customs. An occasional long beard and fez, and now and then a mother dressed in the old way with her modern daughter walking at her side, are seen. The "whirling" and "howling" dervish is dismissed from his job. The Jew is being well treated at a time when

so much goes against him in most countries. I met one who was a Jew by race, a Turk by birth, a Spaniard by citizenship, educated in German and who spoke French at home. Besides, he was the correspondent of a Christian paper. The Turks use Swiss civil code, German commercial code and Italian criminal code. They not only have freedom by water to get anywhere they like, but freedom by air, their Yeshil Kőy Airport having become a center of international air travel.

Turkey was not touched by the actual war and the evidences are there by the overflowing markets full of good things to eat. Though prices have risen, as they have elsewhere, yet one can buy luscious fresh fruit and vegetables, all kinds of cereals and as many eggs as he wants. It is a sad comparison to make, though a true one—England's rationing to the minimum grams possible and Turkey's pounds of stuff without cards. Cabbages weigh from ten to fifty pounds. Egg plants reach a length of two feet. Baskets of grapes dripping with sweetness, figs, melons, olives, and lentils by the bagful, if you desire them —all are obtainable—even the orange lentil that composed the "pottage" for which Esau sold his birthright to Jacob. "But they taste mighty good," James Lyman told me with a twinkle in his eye. He was a missionary of the American Board Mission that has labored in Turkey more than 130 years with the Bible House as headquarters. The markets of Bulgaria and Roumania have but little and Germany and Austria nothing at all in their stalls, as compared with Turkey.

Yet, strange to say, despite all these common though necessary benefits to keep a people happy and free, "Communism is making its inroads into Islam," to repeat what the Arab official told me as we flew the Atlantic together. We are up against it—atheistic Communism—also

in this bigoted Moslem reign that includes Iraq and Iran, Persia, Arabia and other Near and Middle Eastern countries, unless something happens. Then, again, this ought not to surprise the man who studies his Bible wherein he finds that the troubles between Arab and Jew in Palestine and the opposition between Soviet Communism and Christian Democracies are in line with what God's Word prophesied would come. The clash is near; the Great Tribulation is pending. The millennium of Christ's reign on earth also beckons from a distance to encourage all who would be saved through the Gospel of His grace.

Bulgaria, Turkey's next-door neighbor, has fared badly in her position in the strategic corner of Europe. She has been good to refugees from Macedonia, and Armenia in years past although in 1939, when I was there, her attitude toward the Jews had changed. A shipload of Jews from Germany had been refused an entrance into Palestine. Having to return, they sailed up the Danube River in hopes that Bulgaria would receive them. They waited for days in vain and were then compelled to sail on to nobody-knew-where.

Bulgaria had been under Turkish rule for six hundred years and since its independence, with their own king and queen reigning, they, like Greece, were building up their national home. The work was slow. Also, their standing army was too weak to resist the slightest force of a stronger country. Soviet influence began to work hard, first to do away with the reigning house, then with such leaders who would be against Communism. World War II then turned the tide of politics toward Communism, sacrificing the man whose name they still revere—Hikola Petkov—"whom the Bulgarian people called 'brave.' He died for a righteous cause," the Bulgarians told me. "He knew he would

have to die," they said. "He left an example of dauntless courage such as we Bulgaians will never forget."

Conditions now under the Soviet regime are appalling. "Death would be better than life," a young married woman told me who escaped there with her Italian husband. It was during refueling in Athens that I met the couple in the airport dining room. While others from Turkey and Scandinavia were in a happy mood, they were glum. When the basket of bread was placed upon the table in preparation for the meal, the young woman took a slice, tore it in half, and ate it greedily. She appeared to be starved. And she was. Then she asked me, apologetically, whether the bread had been baked in Greece. "I am sure it was," I replied, sympathetically, "although I believe from American flour." She said, "Please excuse me for acting so hungry. In Bulgaria we do not have such bread—such good bread." I encouraged her not to be ashamed to eat more for I understood her need. "You may eat my share, also, since I am not very hungry now," I offered. Later, when we refueled again in Brindisi, Italy, she told me her story. "Be sure," she admonished me, "to let all the American people know what conditions are in Bulgaria. They must know." And tears came to my eyes as she spoke. "There is liberty in your country but never where Russian Communism rules," she warned.

"Only those who belong to the Party fare better. Ninety per cent of the children are on their way to tuberculosis. With only two to three cups of milk, and a little sugar, for infants up to two years, a week, there is no chance of saving them. Children cry for food, and there is none. Chocolate or oranges are unknown to them. Starvation is on the parade in Bulgaria," she lamented, "and child-life is like a canceled hope." The situation is truly heart-rending.

To hear these mournful stories requires strength, as well

as sympathy to enter into them. "Clothes," she continued with a questioning expression on her face, "are so scarce that adults have to remain at home until the underwear they have washed has dried. One pair of shoes is divided between two children, if they can get them. Food is sold in the smallest quantities possible when available. Once we received tobacco oil instead of olive oil for cooking. Once we had a piece of cheese after a year's wait so that we wondered whether to eat it or to save it. Only three hundred grams of bread a day are allowed, and poor bread at that. A three year's draught added to the distress for it ruined the crops we hoped for. Vegetables are as rare as the most costly gems. Meat may be distributed once in a while, 200 grams per head. The best of the meat is being shipped into Russia or given to the Russian occupation troop. Each soldier of the Soviet is allowed to send 22 pounds of food to Russia a month. The Bulgarian people must satisfy themselves with the entrails of animals." And she shrugged her shoulders when she said this. A hundred grams of sugar every two or three months provokes a smile for the moment, and there is no coal to fight the winter.

"The banks are controlled by the Sovietized government and no one is permitted to draw from his account as he pleases. If a man looks for a job he is asked whether he belongs to the Party. If he does, he is in luck. If he does not, too bad for him. And to appeal to an American is forbidden. One day a young man entered the door of an American mission. The day after, he was called to appear before the authorities. He could not deny the fact of which he was being accused, since the photos, taken by a secret police, revealed the truth. What became of him, nobody knows. Those who are not Party men have their homes taken from them and given to those who are.

Servants are no more desired in families because they spy out on them."

Is this freedom? Is this the kind of life the world wants? "In India one man fasts for the whole nation," the young woman appropriately said, "and in Bulgaria the whole nation fasts for one man—the Boss." It was on a train, around that time, that a wealthy Hindu merchant said to me, after he had seen what I would call "the lesser troubles," "I would rather sacrifice all my wealth to save my country India from such a tragedy like this." An army officer's advancement is blocked unless he becomes a Party member. He must sweep the streets, or empty the garbage cans, if he does not become a Communist.

"The Rila Monastery in the Rila Mountains has not been visited by so many pilgrims in a long time," the resident priest remarked to a visitor, "so great is the seeking after comfort and help." The sorrows are turning people's hearts toward God and toward the hope of getting away from the inhuman conditions. Entire villages have applied to the United States Consulate for visas. They want to immigrate from their native land that is now under the Sovietized government. When a Jew applied for entrance into the United States at the American Consulate, he was questioned by the Bulgarian government as to why he wanted to leave Bulgaria. "Is it not now a paradise?" the angry authority harangued him, refusing to give him the needed exit visa.

Roumania also belongs to this strategic corner of Europe. The "royal scandal" has headlined the newspapers for a long time. "Black market" business has always been as black as the absolute rule of the Greek Orthodox Church. Roumania had closed her doors to the Jews and boycotted the Protestants to the limit, yet Roumania's fruitful landscapes and colorfully dressed Saxons of Flemish origin,

the peasants of Siebenbirgen and those of Transylvania, are truly captivating. But now that King Michael abdicated the throne, and the Sovietized regime is in full swing, the troubles of Roumania have not lessened but increased.

After my visit to Russia in 1939, I spent a month in Roumania speaking in the various evangelical churches. They were filled with people hungry for the Word of God. When England declared war on Germany on September 5, I had to leave. Things were tightening from hour to hour, which made it necessary for me to flee Europe altogether. The last Sunday in Timisoara, after ministering from nine o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, I packed my few belongings and went out into the "unknown." I had to canced my appointments in Bessarabia, in the Bukavina and in the Dobrosha. Refugees were already pouring into the land from Poland. The borders of countries were being closed to make further escapes impossible. Not even the American consul was able to advise the United States citizens that filled the waiting room. I trusted God and took things in hand to help myself. The train I boarded was filled with men drafted into the army. Their excitement was great as they had to leave loved ones behind. In Bucharest, that last and never-to-be-forgotten-night, when I could hardly sleep because of agitation, and when I saw, as it were, that darkest black-out rise and dilate over Europe—Communism—I prayed that I might escape back home safely.

The next day found me on my way down to the banks of the Danube River to cross into Bulgaria. Roumania was mobilizing and I was right in the midst of things. From the train window I watched the cannons being taken to the Dobrosha border on the Bulgarian front. Colored wagons with supplies were being hastily pulled by horses. Passing one village where the town caller rang his bell to read the

news to the illiterate, I could not help feeling the pathos of the occasion. People gazed into the man's face as if to say, "Is it really true that there is to be war?" And the rest of their thoughts could be imagined. The shepherd dressed in peculiar pastoral garb with coat and cap lined with sheep wool, smoking a pipe and holding a staff, interested me very much. I could almost hear his flock of lambs and sheep bleat for him many a day after he had been taken from them to use a gun instead of his staff.

I crossed the blue waters of the beautiful Danube River. Facing Roumania on the boat, I could see the cannon eyes peering at us as we sailed farther and farther from them. My stay in Bulgaria was very limited with the war situation changing from hour to hour and becoming more difficult. I filled my appointment at the church in Rustschuk but I had to cancel the one with the colorful gypsies who congregate by the thousands. A brief visit with the evangelical pastors of Sofia at least gave me a heart-to-heart meeting with them and their problems as ministers of God in Bulgaria. Then I attempted to contact at least eight different consuls to see whether I could get to England via France or Holland, or escape into Switzerland, or continue my journey into Greece and Turkey as previously planned. All borders were barred tightly. No one could pass unless a citizen of the country. Left to decide things for myself, I turned to my Bible and asked the Lord for a guiding word, and I found this: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace . . ." (Ps. 85:8).

On the strength of this assurance I purchased my ticket from Sofia straight through to Holland, the Dutch consul having given me the promise of an entrance. When the Oriental Express puffed into the station from Istanbul, it was crowded beyond words with people returning to their respective lands, however, I managed to get in with my

basket and suitcase. The Christians provided food in the form of Bulgarian grapes, Bulgarian butter and cheese made out of sheep's milk. There was no assurance whether we would get through Belgrade, Budapest and Vienna, but we did, to our hearts' relief. The black-out was dark as we crossed the border into Austria where we had been placed in a hotel in an alley called "Die Fuchsgasse" (Fox Alley).

After what seemed a nightmare I rose the next morning to continue my journey to Frankfurt am Main from where I intended to go on to Amsterdam. I sent my telegram and also procured more food. At first the man of the restaurant refused to give it without ration cards that had been ordered by the German government overnight. But his kindness got the better of him, when he saw I was fleeing Europe as an American citizen. He told me to consult the women cooks in the back of the dining hall. So I did. The whiff of wieners and sauerkraut coming from huge pots boiling on the stove made me hungry. The parcel was made and I paid for it.

I took the last coupe in the train that left around noon from Vienna. It was a long journey through Austria to Germany though the scenery was beautiful. The conductor arrived to inquire who I was, whether I had a passport and a ticket. Satisfied with the identifications I had he wondered about me. "Where did you come from?" he asked in a stern tone of voice. I told him. "Where are you going to?" he continued. "I am on my way to Holland, fleeing Europe." This interested him and made him inquire further. "Well, well!" he smiled. "What do you think about this war? Have you any idea what's going to happen?" "If you really want to know what I think, I'll be happy to tell you," I replied, realizing that my point of view would be quite different from what he

expected to hear. "Wait, wait!" He put up his hand. "Let me first punch all the tickets. I'll bring all the conductors to your coupe. We have about two hours between this and the next station. They, too, want to hear what you have to say." So the line of conductors marched into my coupe and sat down to listen. "Friends," I began, taking my Bible in hand, "this is the Guide Book in and out of the world-problems." Then I showed them the Way of Life and the necessity of being ready for whatever befell them. "I'm a Catholic," one offered to say. "Whether Catholic or Protestant," I replied, "that is not the main thing. Do you have Christ in your life as your personal Saviour and Lord?"

The train eventually came to Frankfurt am Main, but in the dead of night. Just before arriving I realized that I was alone in my car. There were no lights anywhere except in my coupe, and these had been dimmed out by a double shade of blue and brown. Night could never have been blacker than the black-out by martial law. I went out into the aisle and called, "Is there nobody here?" No answer. I called again. "Is no one here?" Silence. It was terrifying to think of being left alone in the dark. Then we pulled into the terminal. Not a soul around to help. Pitch dark outside! I shuffled my way to the train door, pushing my suitcase ahead of me. Finally I managed to get out without an accident. However, I did not dare to move. The darkness was terrible, almost thick enough to feel. I stood and thought. I could not go on without taking the risk of falling over the side of the platform, and probably upon live wires. So I stood and called, "Porter." No answer. "Is there no porter around?" Silence.

Then I was overwhelmed. "If this darkness is already so dark, how dark must the outer darkness be of which

God's Word speaks into which those who have rejected the Lord shall be thrust on that day?" Just then I heard my name called. "Martha!" I answered. "Martha!" and I answered again. Several times my name was called, each time the person coming nearer. I stretched out my hand for the friend to take it. Mr. Kempe of the Baptist Church came to fetch me. He took my bag while I held my basket and offered his arm for security. We shuffled our way along the platform, then through the station and streets, until we reached his home. That night was spent with German Christians discussing the "signs of the times" in the light of God's prophetic Word.

The next day brought hours of agony to me. I could not get through to Holland, I was told. The borders were closed. What now? I did not want to be caught in Germany. One experience of captivity during the First World War was sufficient to want to flee the country as quickly as possible. Then, to my relief, the Italian consul encouraged me. With my American passport and a provisional ticket I started off to Munich that night. The train was dark, so also the station. I stepped into the coupe thinking that I could use the bench to stretch out on for the night. But lo, and behold, as I placed my basket on the seat, it mysteriously raised itself as if possessed by a ghost, and I heard a voice say, "The place is occupied." Apologetically I left the coupe and went into the next, sitting up all night with others crowded in. If ever I looked for the dawning of the morning, it was then. As fast as I could I went to the Rome-Verona train, settled down with a sigh of relief that all was well, now.

The train pulled out of Munich and the scenery down into Italy was gorgeous. Snow-capped peaks! Vineyards! Old castles! Rushing rivers! The blue and brilliant sky with a soaring eagle! Then we arrived at the Brenner Pass,

where Hitler and Mussolini had their political rendezvous. To the distress of all the passengers, we could not pass. Why? Because we did not have the required exit visa from Berlin needed to give us a free passage through.

What now? I thought I had sufficient to get by, that is, a German visa received in London that vouched for several entrances and exits. But no. War had canceled all previous visas. It was through the pathetic pleadings of an American woman with her two children, booked to leave from Genoa on the S. S. *Savoya,* that we were saved. The inspector telephoned to headquarters in Berlin explaining the situation and the answer came back, "Let this train by, but hold the next." The passengers were so happy with excitement that all in turn expressed their gratitude to the inspector who was being showered with international affection. The train then slowly moved through the narrow passage, through mountains. A wonderful sight!

In Genoa it was virtually impossible to get a room in a hotel, but I thank God for His undertaking for me. I obtained a room up on the top floor of the Savoya Hotel. My American Express checks had dwindled to a very low sum so that I entered an involuntary fast for five days. My visit to Rome occurred during that time where I lived in a Swiss hostel. My visit to Florence located me in a pension near the River Arno. I also visited Fiesole, that noted monastery on top of a hill. With a proper steamship ticket I was able to leave on the S.S. *Vulcania,* leaving some 2,000 refugees behind who could not get away—no room, no tickets, no money. Many tears flowed, for the price of tickets had increased double and more. "I've lost ten pounds with all the worry," said an English lady who could not get away. "We don't know what to do, for they wouldn't accept our round-ticket without the additional payment of so much," a couple, almost despairing of life,

confided. "We spent all our money on our vacation in Italy," they added sadly.

It was on the S.S. *Vulcania* that a passenger was going to the United States for the first time. She shared a room with me, one of the best on board. However, every once in a while she complained about the over crowdedness on board. I even gave her my single bed to satisfy her and took her berth. But when we arrived in New York Harbor and had to pass the immigration, she complained once too much. "If I had known that things would be like this, I would have stayed in Switzerland," she insisted, loudly enough for others, who were thankful to get back, to hear. "Lady," I answered, since she had addressed me, "tell the immigration officers what you have told me. They will be only too glad to assist you to return there. We Americans are grateful to be back home again."

What an impression the Statue of Liberty made upon us as it lit the night on New York Bay! The passengers gave way to emotion as they traced the glittering outline of New York City and vicinity, some weeping for joy, some talking excessively. Then in the early morning, as the ship sailed up the Hudson under the Stars and Stripes, many a sigh was breathed, many a handkerchief was used. America! The Land of the Free! The Home of the Brave! Who would not bless God for this our country, especially at such a time as this! As the ship drew into the pier I looked out of the porthole. There stood my father, waiting in the rain with thousands of others, his handkerchief hanging at his side like a sopping wet rag. I called him. He saw me, and was satisfied. This was on October 12, 1939, after World War II had already begun.

Chapter Ten

EUROPE'S GARDEN OF NATIONS

WHAT a pity that war should have to be! What a shame that things beautiful must be destroyed! All countries of a continent are like a variety of gardens, beautifully laid out by the distinct tastes of their people in various patterns of culture. The rugged cliffs and the purple thistle mark Scotland in the north. The mirrored seas and the queenly rose distinguish Greece in the south. There is the corn flower of Germany's golden grain fields and the modest mountain violet high in the Alpine snows. Even Russia's natural beauty is captivating, as I told one of Soviet's Communists who remarked to me, "Lady, you seem to find some good things in this our country," to which I replied, "A lily is a lily wherever it grows, on Soviet soil or in Bermuda. Mountains are mountains wherever you find them, whether in Canada or in Russia. God made these wonderful things of

creation. That is why they are good. Only man has failed to give Him the glory."

Having to fly from Turkey to Denmark because there was no railway open via Bulgaria, I was enraptured by the wonderful sights I saw from the air. The ABA Swedish plane with its English pilot started off from Yeshil Kőy Airport. The Turkish flag waved peacefully in the breeze while an eastern tune came over the radio. The day I arrived in Turkey I found that my visa had expired, but kind officials set my mind at rest by saying that all would be well if I reported to the authorities in Istanbul and paid a slight fine. A stranger, overhearing the conversation, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "The United States and Turkey are friends, so you are all right." The day I left I found myself in another trouble. I did not have a visa for my stopover in Italy. That problem, too, was graciously handled by the Swedish officials. Mr. Lyman escorted me to the airport and the last impression I had of that long and narrow road from the capital was a line of cattle along the horizon.

The plane rose over Turkey. I had memories of the Istanbul Bazaar, where to "walk to the right" was no law to the people. Bartering Jews and begging gypsies milled around in the crowds where the Mullah (priest) and the Mufti (judge) met. It required both ability and agility to shop in the market with its vaultlike passages where merchants sold their goods ranging from a pin to a post and everything else imaginable. The cobblestone streets were hard on the feet. One was obliged to step over boxes and reels of wire in the way and brush against the laden carrier without starting an unscrupulous quarrel by upsetting his load of charcoal, live chickens or whatever he had as he "asked for the way." The horses were as slim as the streets were narrow, and yet a man loaded down heavily managed

to step over a wee kitten cuddled in the middle of the cobbles. "Paternoster Road," noted for antiquated books, "Fleet Street" with its questionable reputation for civil service, "Junk Street," where one was liable to buy back for a reasonable price the thing one had been missing for some time, were of great interest. Mosque Shuleiman the Magnificent, the largest and most beautiful in the world, according to the Turkish Moslem, was a piece of art to study. No one would dare enter with his shoes on, and here it was that 12,000 people would assemble during the Feast of Ramazan, the month of fasting by day and feasting by night, especially during the "Night of Power" when Mohammed's decree had been given. Above all, however, it had been my privilege to visit with the Armenian and Greek prayer-groups throughout the town. Their very existence was a miracle in a Moslem city. Persecution had brought them close to God and it was touching to hear them sing in Gregorian strains, pray with heart-felt sincerity, and read the Word of God to strengthen their faith. They kissed one's hand and lifted it to their foreheads in their way of greeting.

The plane flew over the azure waters of Marmora Sea, then across the corner of Asia Minor, by an island, and into the Aegean Sea. At an altitude of 8,000 feet, ships looked like match sticks and the foam of the waves like tiny tufts of cotton. The sea was like a mirror and one could see the edge of the continent beneath the waters and fringes of land trailing out into the Mediterranean.

Then came the sunny land of Greece—the land of history, the home of ancient literature and art, the birthplace of modern civilization. For a moment one was transported into another sphere—Greece, whose culture dated back five thousand years and whose venerable remains of art that flourished in an early period of human life, thrilled the

observer. What a panorama as the plane encircled Athens!

The city lay around the Acropolis like a band of pearls by day, at night like a network of sparkling tinsel. The magnificent Parthenon, gleaming white, stood out against a brilliant blue sky by day and also by night in the light of the moon. Near by was Mars' Hill where Paul preached his famous sermon as recorded in Acts 17:22-34. On the main street the Academy, the Library and the Museum, Ionic and Doric in style, with Byzantine designs and colors, could not be missed, neither the powerful statues of Athena and Apollos standing on columns of Pentelion marble.

Protestantism has had a hard fight to exist in the midst of the persistent persecutions of the Greek Orthodox Church. Nevertheless the Lord's Word is triumphing slowly but steadily. There are now several fine evangelical congregations. On Philhellinon Street the Bible Society has its headquarters under George Kladis' administration.

Again we flew over the deep green waters of a sunlit sea, then across the Island of Moreoa, then over smaller ones to Brindisi, a seaport on the heel of the Italian boot, facing the Adriatic. The plane had to refuel. We crossed to Napoli, on the instep of the boot, and then night cut into our daydreams. The cities on our way to Rome looked like strings of diamonds laid out upon black velvet. Once the starry sky appeared reversed as if the constellations had been placed upon earth. Rome itself twinkled like a brooch of precious stones upon a garment of midnight. It was beautiful!

Italy's marvelous buildings, her powerful statuary, her walls and gardens and spouting fountains—these charm. The Coliseum and the Vatican City with all its treasures of art such as our times of steel and inventions do not produce, reminded of days gone by. The people were vivacious even though poor and in trouble. The guitar still

played the old-time love songs with the passion of the Latins, even though the future looked void of the brighter hopes. Macaroni never failed to appear as a daily course in the dinners that were served with Italian cheerfulness and grace. In Rome I visited the pastors of the Methodist and Waldensian churches as I had served the Waldensians in Uruguay and Argentina during my South American tour.

The take-off from Rome the next morning at eight o'clock was calm. We continued our flight through the Archipelago in the Tyrraman Sea. To the left was Montecristo, the gambling den of the rich, to the right the Island of Elba, and also Corsica under a blanket of clouds.

It rained in Nice on the French Riviera as we landed for another refueling. Then, soaring again, we flew over Marseille, Montpellier and Lyons on the Rhone. Paris was to our left farther north, the city of glamour and also of poverty. Well may the French people be proud of their beautiful capital with its flourishing parks and sparkling fountains, shady boulevards, birds and flowers that gladden the heart at springtime. Charming are her roads and spacious avenues, like the Avenue des Champs Elysees with its shady trees and gay promenade leading up to the famous Arc de Triomph. The Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and the Magdelene, the lovely Place de la Concorde and other similar historic sights, capture one's fancy. Here in this city evangelical work has been carried on against many odds, although with courage and true results, by the Paris Tabernacle of Madam Blocher and other Gospel missions among Russian refugees. Missionaries have spent time in Paris studying the language before venturing out to their appointed fields in French territories.

Over Germany we flew, though a haze covered much of its landscape as if to hide the tragic aftermath of war. For a moment one thought of the more delightful things

about Germany as she was before the intense bombings. Germany was a prosperous country when she still gave God the glory. Germany was famous as a country of culture, and her scientific achievements were acknowledged by schools throughout the world. Great were her achievements in medicine and engineering, and her mission interests in the Near East, China, Africa and elsewhere cannot be underestimated. Now she lies in ruins although nature, as one views the country from the air, has apparently attempted to hide the bruised and broken places and conceal the scars.

To the left in the distance was Czechoslovakia, with proud and beautiful Prague as her capital. The castle, St. Vitus Cathedral, the Moldau River and Charles Bridge adorned with religious statuary, the Wenceslas Square looking down the main street, are all works of art. Prague is 1,200 years old, St Vitus, 800, Carls University, 600, and Protestantism 200, with John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, in the front line of the battle for God's Word of truth. Not only cities but villages are fascinatingly picturesque. In one the horses were being led to the village pool for a cooling to the happy welcome—or indignant protests—of quacking ducks and gabbling geese swimming in the pool. Along the road a woman, then a child, were seen tapping a family of geese into line.

Holland, too, had its delightful aspects. Its compact cities were filled with the diligent of all classes whose sense of duty was unerringly strong and whose sense of art was unmistakably fine. The countryside with its unlimited horizons, where cattle graze peacefully upon sunlit fields and prosperous farms are spotted by their windmills. Old traditions and modern ways are colorfully mingled as one sees some citizens garbed in old Dutch costumes—wooden shoes, white caps and aprons—and others dressed in today's style. Amsterdam is called the "Venice of the North." Its

buildings are a blend of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century architecture. It is built upon "a thousand piles," friends told me, and has five hundred bridges. The water streets with pleasure boats and cargo barges, the fish market alive with sea food, the cyclists passing by the hundreds—all attract; and one cannot forget the queerness of the Dutch houses tilting a bit so as to cause the rain to drop to the street instead of into the windows. All furniture is hoisted into apartments, since the staircases are too narrow.

Lovely Belgium has its charms. Large sun windows draped with curtains of finest lace add to the already fascinating Flemish buildings. The lamplighter walks the streets with his long pole topped by a blazing starlike light with which he lights the street lamps. The chimney sweeper, with a face as black as the besooted suit and high hat he wears, and carrying a ladder, a broom and a wire poker across his shoulders—all make a picture of the common day achievements so needed in life. Beneath the wagon the faithful dog walks, either to help pull the cart or in partnership with his master. This country is governed by the Napoleonic code of laws, and courtesy in word and manner are claimed with right. One cannot mistake the true Belgian because of his blond and curly hair, his bright blue eyes and his strong constitution. French and Flemish are the languages spoken, and take a fragment of English, Dutch, Plat German, and you are likely to understand Flemish.

There was no fog to hide the view of Copenhagen as the plane encircled the city punctually at seven p.m. as scheduled. The bright lights down the highways were as orderly as the laws of the land. A schoolmate of mine called for me at the Airway Office and made my visit to Denmark a most pleasant one. The Danes are a plain and wholesome people, not easily alarmed. Often their

humor gets the better of them, regardless of how matter-of-fact they can be. They have patience to let a storm go by. I watched a little fellow sit petrified upon his tricycle as he gazed into the face of the palace sentry dressed in navy and ash blue, with a brilliant red cape and a helmet of black bear's fur. Old historic figures were immortalized in bronze and marble and granite. Thorvaldsen's *Blessing Christ* had its sanctuary in one of the old churches and the beautiful paintings of Ellen Hoffman Bang were at the Y.W.C.A.

"King Valdemar of Denmark," so the much beloved story goes, "sent one of his personal friends, Ebbe Strange, to fetch his Bohemian bride, the Princess Dagmar, for whom he could not go himself. His country could not spare him for such a long journey since his presence for protection was needed. His friend, the nobleman, prepared the heart of the princess by relating many pleasing things about her royal suitor and the country of which she was about to become queen. Dagmar was only sixteen years old and very beautiful. Ebbe told her that she would never regret having left her beloved land for that northern one as he married her by proxy.

"Before she left her royal father admonished her to preserve her faith and honor. From the shores of Denmark, then, as the boat approached the horizon, seabirds flew ahead as if announcing her coming to the king. He wonders with anxious awaiting as the vessel draws nearer. He had not seen her face at any time except as it had been carved upon a piece of ivory and shown to him by a visitor who told him of her beauty and virtue. Upon arrival they carried her ashore, the king grasping her hands. She responded in queenly loveliness and modesty. Beside them, on the shore, the trumpeters blow their trumpets as a hearty welcome to the young princess, Queen Dagmar

of Denmark. The king lifted her upon his horse and took her to his palace.

"The day after their marriage, when she was to have her morning gift (and a bride could wish for several things), she asked that the peasants should not be taxed for the land they ploughed because they were poor and that the prisoners should be released.

"Some time later the king was called away and during his absence the queen took seriously ill. She was dying. Dagmar sent messengers to her husband, asking for him to come. When he had left Skanderborg, where he had been in Jutland, he was followed by a hundred men. But when he reached the bridge outside Ribe, he was alone, for the men could not keep up with him, so fast he rode. When he entered her room, the queen had already passed away. The king, brokenhearted, asked the maidens-in-waiting and the matron to pray with him so that he might speak to her. Dagmar opened her eyes, apologizing that she had called him back, then told the king that she would have to go 'home.' Enveloped in light, she said, 'The bells of heaven are ringing. They are calling me. I long to be with the saints.' And she passed away." This incident was said to have occurred a thousand years ago. The Danes of today still revere their Queen Dagmar.

Life has had its light and shadows all through the history of mankind. Even in nature the thorn accompanies the rose. There are lofty heights and valleys deep, joy and sorrows strangely wrought together. To the heart in touch with God, Providence, not chance, is at work when the north wind blows with the warmth of the south wind following. Walking through beautiful Obispado, the residential section of Monterrey, Mexico, I saw gardens of roses. Their color, shape and fragrance enraptured me. It was in January. I said to myself, "Roses in January!"

There is always a beauty spot in the midst of trouble. But one must dig deep into the heart of things in order to draw out the sweetness of grace hidden away. The nations of Europe lie wounded and bleeding in their gardens that have been marred, or deeply bruised, or even ruined to a heap of rubble. We cannot stop to reason out all the "whys" and "wherefores" of the tragedy—for the destruction has been done—but must now seek to gather out of the terrible experience what God has hidden away who can change the bitter for the sweet.

Chapter Eleven

EUROPE'S NORTHERN FOCUS

WITH clocklike precision the S. S. *Kronprins Olav* pulled away from the Copenhagen quay for a night's trip to Oslo, Norway, first through the waters of Kattegat along the Swedish coast, then up through the waters of Skagarak that led into the Christiania Fjord to the capital. It was an entirely different view; the atmosphere in Scandinavia was entirely different from that in the Mediterranean countries from which I had just come. The Arctic nip was felt in the air up north in contrast to the balmy breeze that wooed down south. People wrapped their winter coats a little more snuggly to them, whereas I had nothing but a spring jacket at my disposal.

Norway has been frequently designated as "Nature's Wonderland." Mighty fjords cut in and out of towering mountains often a mile high. It is a land of idyllic fishing hamlets, quaint villages, timber churches built eight

centuries ago. Sportsmen find the highlands rich with game, the lakes and rivers filled with fish, and the peaks and glaciers challenging to climb. The skiier's paradise is among the glittering snowlands, the traveler's lure under the Northern Lights. Names such as Edvard Grieg have thrilled the world's music lovers and stories such as those which the Vikings have inspired have moved a thousand generations. The Norsemen's strength as seafarers has long been famous, especially during World War II when the storms that blew over their land were stronger than the winds that blew over their seas. Hammerfest in the north, Narvik, Christiansund and other cities bore the brunt of the matter when attacked, then destroyed, by the Nazi invaders. Their sons, too, were required in the defense of their freedom.

Olav Wetterstad was counted among those who laid down their lives during the war. Not quite twenty, a member of the Philadelphia Church, he, with other students of his school, had been condemned to death. His reputation was that his Christianity was real. The sentence of death given by the Nazi Gestapo, July 3, 1944, took him by surprise, yet he faced it with Christian poise and patriotic heroism. When Norway was seized by the Germans who sought to capture the students for forced labor, he and his friends fled to a camp in the mountains. Unfortunately there was an ammunition depot hidden near by of which the young men knew nothing, although the Nazis accused them of having been guilty of constructing it. These young Norsemen, in the prime of life, then met their death. They lost their lives in a battle for Norway's honor.

In those moments prior to his execution he penciled the feelings of his heart to his "dear, dear Mother, Father, Hildora, Ruth and all of you," and sent them a message from their loved one: "I have today received the death sentence. I am waiting for them to come for me. I am

happy because my soul is resting on the blood of Christ. My mind and heart are filled with supernatural peace that passes all understanding. I will say thanks for your love and all that you have been to me. Thanks for the Christian home you provided. Thanks for the times you bore with me and tarried in prayer when I was not all I ought to have been. But I know that all is settled now. Jesus Christ is my life, my all in all. It is finished! I go to a better land, and we will meet soon again. Glorious day! Greet all my comrades personally, and tell them that Jesus alone can impart life and give courage in death's lone hour. I am happy that I chose Him. My heartiest greetings to Anna-Marie whom I dearly love and to Herman who is my best friend. It is not painful for me to go, only that I know you will suffer. I ask you not to sorrow for me as for one who has no hope, for we are all soon to be together again." One can visualize this blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, tall and attractive lad brought up in the wholesome atmosphere which characterizes the entire nation. The Norwegians fought a stiff fight against the Nazis then. Now they are fighting a stiffer one still against Communism.

The Philadelphia Church to which Olav Wetterstad belonged has had a remarkable story connected with it. In 1907 a great revival broke out in Norway that swept thousands of people into a definite experience with God. The revival then spread to Sweden, Finland and other countries of Europe, Asia and South America where the torch of truth is now shining as brightly as ever. God's instrument was Thomas Ball Barrett, an Englishman by birth and a Norwegian by citizenship. His parents had been ardent Wesleyan Methodists. Called into the ministry, the Rev. Barrett experienced the hand of God upon his life in an unusual way, and the complete story is recorded in his book *When The Fire Fell.*

The revival went as far as India where a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit took place in Pandita Ramabai's Mission in 1908. The wonderful revival also reached Dr. Cooper and his Methodist church in Chile, when, in 1909, thousands came to the Lord. The auditorium in Oslo holds 2,200 people and at the usual Monday-night service no less than 1,000 assembled. There are 100 students in their short-term Bible School. When referring to Mrs. Barrett, the Reverend described his wife, still living, thus: "Gifted with a heaven-born sagacity, and filled with the one desire to see the work of the Lord prosper, she has been a pillar of strength by my side. God bless her!"

The wind blew hard during my days in Stockholm. The firewood piled along the streets and in the yards led one to believe that General Winter was expected soon. There was little hope for coal. The autumn winds whirled the red and golden leaves down the streets in a wild dance, then heaped them to wither and die. What must the Swedes have thought of me as they saw me in spring instead of winter clothes? And I could not explain. Noses were pinched red, and had the sniffles.

Nations have envied Sweden for her ability to keep out of wars since 1814. How much longer she will be able to enjoy the record of unbroken peace is yet to be seen with the threat of Soviet Russia upon her head, too. However, Sweden assisted with heart and hand during World War II when countries were in dire need. With impartial generosity her people gave of their time and substance. Voluntary troops assisted Finland's fight against Russia, then Norway's battle against Germany. Tubercular children were treated in her hospitals and those starving were fed at her tables. Without respect of persons or nationality, relief parcels were sent everywhere. All this was done for suffering humanity of Europe under the Christian leadership

of Count Oscar Bernadotte, the honorable head of the Swedish Red Cross.

The Swedes, like the Norwegians, are a hardy people. Their country has prospered through diligence and calculation. Farmers have had to plough through stony soil. Miners have had to drill in frigid regions. Lumbermen have had to wield their axes in the sweat of their brow besides assembling the logs of felled trees in the currents of swift rivers. And yet, despite her special privilege, Sweden now lies in the shadow of Soviet Russia. Like every other country in Europe, she, too, is on the march into chains, unless . . .

From the standpoint of missions, Sweden has accomplished wonderful things. Consider the Philadelphia church in Stockholm, for example. The auditorium holds 4,000 people ordinarily and the church has a membership of 6,500. The choir has 1,200 voices and several string bands, all representing genuine talent. On a communion night, usually Mondays, 1,600 gather for the sacred service. They have a short-term Bible school with 500 students enrolled and a regular mission training school in Kaggaholm with a two-year course of study. This Swedish Pentecostal Church is the largest among the denominations, with a constituency of 100,000 members in about 600 churches. It is also the largest missionary society in Sweden, having sent 350 missionaries out into various foreign fields, the Philadelphia church alone supporting 45 of them. The church has doubled her number to 200,000 members, including the congregations abroad. Brazil claims 150,000 in assemblies numbering from 2,000 to 4,000 members.

The Rev. Lewis Pethrus, pastor of the Philadelphia Church, was a much-debated man until the wind blew in the other direction and men of authority began to recognize his worth. His unusual leadership has been proved by

the marvelous way in which his handful of people in a basement hall have become thousands now assembling in Scandinavia's greatest auditorium. The Rev. Pethrus is also the editor of a nonpolitical newspaper which can be bought on any newspaper stand in Sweden. The *Dagen* has been the nation's spiritual, moral and social guide because of its fearlessness in revealing the nation's need in those spheres. The once celebrated Swedish writer Sven Libman has become a remarkable Christian and has directed his talent into the channel of editing the largest religious weekly in Sweden, the *Evangelical World*, which has 70,000 subscribers. As one meets the heads of this great church in Sweden, he senses that he is in the presence of genuine Christians with hearts throbbing for God.

Countess Maria Bernadotte, sister of Count Oscar Beradotte (both related to King Gustav Adolf of Sweden through Prince Bernadotte, the King's brother), is the head of the Women's Missionary Society. Torild Backe, one of Sweden's finest Christian lawyers, is the director of the Scandinavian Missionflights. Missionaries are constantly being flown to the farthest ends of the earth in comfort and in the shortest time possible.

Finland is also part of Europe's northern focus, though her people are unhappily located too near the border of godlessness with Soviet Russia on her toes. Her mirroring streams flow as quietly as the Finn thinks. Avenues of fragrant pine, birch and fir trees line the banks. Forty thousand lakes perforate her ground and numberless islands form the gems of her seas. The mystic Laplanders, of which there are 20,000, have influenced Finish character profoundly, and the people think in terms of health rather than wealth. They never hurry, whether going through the streets on business or singing their hymns in church. Their words, sorry to say, are a little too long to pronounce in

a short time—*Sanomalehititilankset* or *tidiningsprenumerationer*. First praised by the world when she was crucified by the Hammer and Sickle at the beginning of the war, then thought nothing of in her humiliation when the Allies joined hands with the Soviet, she has passed through her national sorrows. Sixty thousand men laid down their lives for her liberty from the chains of Russian bondage. Two hundred thousand men are invalids because of their valiant defense of their land. Those who would judge Finland justly will have to say that she has been a most courageous and honest country.

Chapter Twelve

EUROPE'S CAPITAL OF COMMUNISM

MOSCOW, the capital of Communism—the seat of Atheism! From the window of Hotel National, near the Kremlin, I watched the teeming masses of people on Gorki Street. Excursions of them were following their leaders to the Lenin Museum, and other institutions of learning, to be instructed in the principles of atheism and Communism. It seemed as if all Russia had assembled in the Red capital. But not so. Moscow's 8,000,000 inhabitants were only a handful of Greater Russia's 196,000,000 according to one statistic.

Red Stars gleamed. Red Flags waved from spires and rooftops. Huge portraits of Lenin and Stalin were posted everywhere. Inside the Kremlin walls lived Soviet's Big Chief—Joseph Stalin (Josef Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili)—outside the Kremlin walls, in his mausoleum, lay Vladimir Ilyich Lenin in his glass casket. The Krasnaya Ploschad, or the Red Square, where the Red Army parades

for review, spread out before the Kremlin like a courtyard. Lenin's tomb, on the Red Square, was a terraced pyramid of blocks of red granite and black laboradite so highly polished that people and traffic were reflected in it as if in a mirror.

Immobile figures of sentries stood at the door through which streams of people passed on days when the public was admitted. On Soviet holidays government representatives would make their speeches from the top of the building. What drew my attention most of all were the Asiatic tribes and Near-Eastern people in line with the Russians—people from Turkmanistan, Kosakistan, Kirgistan, from Azerbaijan, Georgia and Armenia, all dressed in their colorful tribal garbs. It was here, I thought, that an anthropologist might enjoy observing European features gradually flattening out into the Mongolian and, vice versa, see Mongolian features gradually merging into the European. Here also the missionary had a unique opportunity to behold nations—races of people seldom seen unless on an occasion like this—that had never heard the Name of God, much less His Gospel of saving grace.

Lying in his glass casket, Lenin, the acclaimed liberator of the workman, was in khaki uniform with a coverlet up to his waist. He wore a closely-cropped red beard, and his head rested upon his cap. Responsible wardens kept the body presentable by means of chemicals. No one was allowed to speak while passing through the death chamber, neither could anyone stop longer than a few moments to see the corpse. Muffled sounds of shuffling feet were heard as the people reverently moved along and took a passing glimpse of one of the "fathers of atheism," "the creator," as he is called, "of the first socialist state in the world." One wondered what went through the minds of the people

as they looked upon Lenin who introduced Carl Marx' godless philosophy to the Russian people.

Marxism, the life of Communism, is nothing but a code of subversive doctrines. Its infamous manifesto embodies an avowed denial of God and the Bible. It abolishes the right of home and of home relations, of private property and of inheritance, of freedom of conscience, of speech, and of liberty under ordered government. Marxism is hostile to democratic ways and Christian ideals. It endangers moral integrity and spiritual prosperity. The pernicious art of changing moral standards—calling virtue vice and vice virtue—belongs to its teachings, for where there is no God in the thoughts of men there is also no conscience toward Him. In other words, Marxism stands for moral lawlessness.

It is a soul-blighting virus. Like a traitorous intrigue, it has wound its way into many of our American institutions. The student and the workman are led to believe that Communism is a paradise of social equality, when, in reality, all that they have would be taken from them if they ever entered that paradise. Soviet paintings have depicted a world of happiness under communistic regime, when tears, not flowers, pave the way of the millions of shackled in Russia. May God spare America from such a life! May we do our part to refuse it!

I remember well my contact with two fine Russian young people, who, like millions more, had no liberty to voice what they felt in their hearts, for no one trusted the other person for fear that he or she might be a disguised GPU or secret police (the Gosudarstvennoe Polititcheskoe Upravelenie). These men, or women, used to take notice of people; now they have a system of secret photography whereby they trap them. We met at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition, a very attractive exhibition. Each pavilion had its own accomplishments displayed and there

were more than fifty-two nations represented. The exhibition grounds had been in construction for two years and covered 350 acres. It had been designed to be an educational institution for several years to come to which the government had invited the chiefs of interior tribes at their expense, especially those who had contributed to the collective enterprise.

The two young Communists and I walked along conversing, their duty being to convince me of Communism, mine to tell them of God. "Are you a teacher?" the young man stopped to ask me. "I am," I replied, adding, then, that I was "a missionary also." It took them by surprise and they wanted to know more about my mission. And it was to these two people I spoke about the way of salvation, beginning with—"There is a God." At the end of our three and one-half hours of discussion, both gave expression of thanks for all I had told them. "Keep the Lord as your greatest treasure in your heart," I advised. "I will pray for you."

Clans of tribespeople from Uzbekistan, Dagistan and other hidden "stans" of Central Asia walked about, led by their chieftains. Most of them had never seen Moscow, or even a small town, and they seemed charmed by the sights they saw. The Kirglies of Mongolian stock and others of Turkic speech, the Kurds and Crimeans, Caucasians and warlike Cossacks, created a most colorful picture. Some wore potlike turbans of astrakhan, long coats over flowing robes, boots, sash-belts from which glittering daggers hung or into which knives were stuck. The women were fascinating in their flowing garments of many colors, striped, and held in by girdles. They, too, wore turbans, though of material draped around their heads. A hundred thinly-braided plaits hung down their backs like shoe strings and they held their little ones snugly in their arms.

The Communists with whom I had been kindly permitted me to speak to some of these people, offering to interpret the little I was able to say to them. How I prized John 3:16 on this occasion! What would it have meant to these people to have had missionaries among them to show them the Light! Even the powerful and imposing Cossack I watched in my hotel, later, who, as he rose to tighten his belt and to set his uniform, hat and sword right, made me think of the thousands more like him in the steppes of Central Asia, famed for their skillful horsemanship. They, too, were without God, therefore without the Light. If I had been a child I might have been scared to death of him; but when I observed those mild blue eyes beneath the rough and heavy eyebrows, I said to myself, "What a wonderful father this son of the steppes must be!"

The pendulum has swung from one extreme—Czarism—to the other extreme—Sovietism; from Orthodox Greek Catholicism to radical atheistic Communism. The change was from "blue" to "red"—from an absolute monarchy to an absolute dictatorship. And it has always been, that, where there has not been a true presentation of the pure Gospel message in the evangelical sense of the word, through which the saving grace of the Redeemer, Christ Jesus, is set forth, people are left in the dark. Wherever religion is commercialized as it is in both the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, there are those among the more enlightened who will rise in indignation because of the counterfeit of the genuine. They will either seek until they find the true Christian faith in personal experience or they will radically turn aside and deny all.

Not only the deification of the royal family enraged the sane-thinking, but also the Church of St. Isaac with its display of wealth and the history behind it. Resting upon malachite pillars, this magnificent building was fin-

ished in the eighteenth century. It took forty years to construct and 1,000,000 men had been hired to build it. Approximately 500,000 survived the hard work under most inhuman conditions. According to information I was able to obtain, men were forced under the lash of the whip to work for the meager wage of twenty cents a day (in our money) and had to labor summer and winter alike. Little did the administrating metropolitans, wearing their silken robes, care about the sweat of the workmen, the rags they wore and the manner in which they had to sleep—on bunks built in tiers and crowded together. Every bit of the work, from the quarry to the raising of the monoliths, each representing a single block of stone, cut, and raised by wooden capstones, was done by a group of four or five men.

St. Isaac's is now converted into a museum for antireligious propaganda. When I visited it, there were lecture-stalls which provided reading matter and lecturers present to tell about the injustices that had come to the people because of the church. Posters, pictures and other contrivances to depict the "wrongs" of religion were exhibited, and one could observe how the people gasped at what they heard and saw. Furthermore, grotesque drawings of the Bible, God, Christ and Calvary made one shudder.

The tragic part of the matter was that religion and democracy, or imperialism, were looked upon as one and the same. The abuses of religion, the commercialization of so-called "holy things," were denounced, scorned and rejected. Priests were exposed, icons ridiculed, and God blasphemed. The Communists wanted to get rid of idolatry and superstition, and not knowing true Christianity in all its simplicity, purity and power, they called even distortions of it "Christian religion" and sealed its fate by destroying it as an "opiate."

The sum total of facts given at St. Isaac's in Leningrad as the reasons for the overthrow of Czarism and Greek Orthodoxy (and with these every other form of faith) are these: (1) The luxurious life of the royal family and select people of the upper classes who enjoyed the comforts of life at the expense of the poor who drudged themselves to death without any hope of such returns for their labors; (2) the deification of the Czars that resulted in putting superstitious fear into their subjects and intimidated them by penalty of death should they raise a voice against the rulers, who were mortals like other men; (3) the oppression of the poor who were deprived of educational privileges and comforts and kept ignorant purposely in order to keep them in a state of serfdom; (4) the support of the church by the Czars who won their aims through the medium of the metropolitans; (5) the commercializing of religion by the church, which extracted millions of rubels from the poor; (6) the political influence of the metropolitans to help in the subjecion of the poor.

Naturally, one had nothing to say in refutation of these points. They were wrong, cruel, and never of God, and led to an entire abolition of the true Christian faith. These abuses of religion, however, do not give license to do away with religion and abolish true Christianity. There is a God. Man has a soul. There is a life after death. Deep in man's innermost being is a consciousness of his need of God, a silent seeking until He may be found, a human cry for that which satisfies—in God. To dethrone God by the Hammer and Sickle does not do away with the Almighty.

What is Russia now, as a consequence? It is a land stripped of freedom. No one trusts the other. Misery is the lot of the people, and nothing in the future inspires hope. Where God is not acknowledged, there is spiritual night,

moral degradation and economic frustration. Joy, peace and happy intercourse as there should be—nation with nation, family with family, individual with individual—do not exist. Fear of Siberian banishment, dread of the Lubianka Prison, apprehension of what might happen any moment when loved ones are ruthlessly separated—these hang over the heads of the innocent like a sentence of death.

On the street of Kiev a woman once stepped out of the crowd and addressed a group of us as "Americans." She was haggard and poorly dressed, and she spoke in broken English. "We hear," she said, "that you Americans are very poorly off. Is it true that you have only oranges to eat?" Millions like her are misinformed about us although on weightier matters than food. If this woman could have been spirited across the Atlantic and shown one of our refrigerators, what would she have said? I am sure she would have been petrified to have gazed upon the snow-white box and beheld the incredible contents. She would have been speechless to see the bottles of creamy milk, the butter, the eggs, the meat, the fruit and the vegetables of all kinds. Oranges would have been there, too, but something more besides!

Communism is being taught to 3,000 students at the State University of Moscow. Few of the professors have ever been outside Russia to know what other countries look like. Communism is being spread in our beloved America by men who have never been in Russia to see conditions in that country. Youth is being captured—the very youth that should be won for God and for the ideals of Christian democracy. May God preserve us from the tragedy. May He lead us back to fidelity toward Him. The United States at its best is the finest example of what true prosperity means in a land that honors the Lord.

Soviet Russia is a marked example of a country that denies God.

On one occasion I was visiting with a Jewess who was a Communist in a government position. Her commanding ways aroused respect. As we sat on the beach of the Black Sea, in Odessa, she asked me to tell her more about the things of which I had been speaking to her—about the power of that Gospel I declared could change human lives from bad to good. I complied with her request, and I had another listener also, an American citizen who was a Communist. In the course of my conversation I referred to "the Lord," and to make sure that they understood who I meant, I asked them.

"No," the Russian Jewess answered, leaning over a little farther so as not to speak too loudly. (The beach was full of people eavesdropping.)

"I mean the 'Messiah.'" I said the name in Hebrew.

"The 'Messiah'?" she exclaimed, "Do you know the 'Messiah'?" And I knew by her reaction that I had touched something in her. Her entire expression changed. There was a marked interest.

"I knew you were not a Communist, madam, for Communists do not respond that way. You, as well as all the Jews, have the Hope of Israel in your heart, although the debris of your present situation has buried it. When I speak of 'the Lord' I mean Jesus Christ the Son of God," I declared, and so the conversation went on. The American Communist was not interested in "religion." Her subject was "Communism." The Russian Jewess asked to see me alone that night, before I left Russia for Roumania the next day. It was in the streets, partially dark, that we met and had a heart-to-heart talk about things that mattered. We spoke about the need of a new heart, of the Way of Life—in Christ—that leads home to God. The "good-bye"

we said to each other was not merely a gesture of courtesy, but an expression of the hope that we would "meet again" in heaven when Jesus comes.

I sat on a bench in front of Hotel London where all the overseas guests stay. I gazed upon the jet-blackness before me—the Black Sea at night. One could see nothing, not even a flicker of light. Then, suddenly, the quay lights flared up, one after the other. Now there was light enough to see. "I am the light of the world," Jesus said, and His words were most impressive to me at the time. "Ye are the light of the world," He said of us, and it made me feel an even greater responsibility to shine for Him.

To repeat what I have already said, there is no greater black-out than that of living without God and a knowledge of His saving grace. Once I was asked by a missionary whether I ever had the experience of denying that there was a God. The question was distressing to me for I never had even thought of such a possibility. "Even if I had been a person without a religious profession," I replied, "I would at least believe that there is a God." "Perhaps one day you will have an experience that will cause you to understand what I mean," the missionary said seriously.

The day came, unexpectedly, in Leningrad. I was walking down the street, when, to my horror, something like a dark cap was pulled down over my mind. For a moment I did not understand what had happened. Then arose the hateful question, as if I were asking it myself, "I wonder if, after all, there is a God?" I became frightened, thinking that I was turning atheistic although I knew, in the depths of my heart, that I was a Christian. And the train of plausible reasoning that followed was overwhelming. However, the Lord was present to help. A firm assurance rose up in my heart that I was a child of God. "Of course I am!" I exclaimed, thanking God. Each day in Russia

I found it necessary to make a confession of faith. I did not say, "I believe there is a God," but something far stronger: "There is a God, whether you believe it or not." Then I added, "I believe there is a God and that Jesus Christ His Son, is the Saviour of the world and my personal Saviour." The cap lifted from my mind. I was free. I realized now what it must mean to have a mind darkened by unbelief.

New York, London, Paris, Berlin and other capital cities—of these one spoke in times of peace: now Moscow takes the headlines—Moscow, the Capital of Communism, the Seat of Atheism; and from its dreadful power Europe is trying to save herself.

Chapter Thirteen

EUROPE'S LAST AND ONLY HOPE

SOVIET Russia's powerful influence over political leaders and her astonishing success in appropriating whatever she wants certainly baffle most people. There is something more than human minds at work. Satan must be behind the intrigue. We are living at the end of this dispensation of grace. The coming of the Lord is near at hand. The Great Tribulation is pending. Events are happening faster than we are able to keep up with them and the "distress of nations, with perplexities" is already seizing mankind. The entire world is affected these days, not merely parts of it. "Men's hearts [are] failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming" (Luke 21:25-26). Godlessness and unrighteousness are taking the overhand while governments are at their wit's end to know what to do and where to turn.

The believer in God's Inspired Word is not left in ig-

norance concerning the things that are happening. In the light of Bible prophecy he has become acquainted with events that "must come to pass." His heart is prepared, by God's grace, for the inevitable. However, the living Church of God ought not to stand aloof from the situation. It should be a praying, believing and acting Church. It should exercise its given spiritual powers in interceding at the throne of grace for the tremendous problems confronting us. Perchance there is "a little space grace" (Ezra 9:8) and "a little reviving in our bondage" that God is willing to give if we ask Him. There is a possibility that even the worst conditions could be restrained by His almighty Hand, for the sake of perishing souls that need to be reached before it is too late.

Such a space of grace, such a time of reviving would call for more than nationwide prayer meetings. It would require nationwide confessing of sin, from the least to the greatest of men. "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (II Chron. 7:14), we read in God's Word. In every revival known in history, whether personal or at large, a thorough housecleaning, so to speak, took place. The cancerous rot of unrighteousness, in the political or religious world, must be purged away. Besides, there is no other way by which peace can be effected except through the Prince of Peace, and it is He that must be brought into the experience of every leader in the world, whether in the government or in a humble home as the head of the house.

It was in August, 1947, that the International Council for Christian Leadership had its first congress in Zurich, Switzerland. During the sessions held, this prime motive

was stressed by all who took part in the program. The United States was represented by the I.C.C.L. Nathaniel Leverone of Chicago, Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, Congressman Brooks Hayes and General Secretary Abraham Vereide. The Director General of the Bank of Switzerland, Alfred Hirs, the publisher of the *Intelligence Digest* and *Review of World Affairs,* Kenneth de Courcy, Brigadier General Winsor, C.M.G., D.S.O. and Earnest T. Williams, Esq., were present from England. In all, representatives from Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Austria, Germany, France, Holland, the British Isles and the United States attended, and the day sessions in the Predigerkirche and the night sessions in the Santa Anna Chapel were inspiring in their definite stand for Christ and Christian principles.

It was a laymen's movement, nonsectarian and nonparty. It looked upon the present-day complexity and chaos of world affairs with concern and emphasized the need for mobilizing man's spiritual resources. Though the work of the churches was appreciated, yet it was felt that the rise of a Christian leadership among the believers and laymen was imperative. The home, the school, the factory, the office, the institution and the government needed Christian leadership, since God had been left out of these important departments of our national life. Until we acknowledge Christ there will be no solution to man's dilemma. Therefore the need of men and women to get together to work constructively toward that end was emphasized. Vital Christianity with its program of evangelism was stressed. The group worked for world-peace and was called to be a spiritual counterpart of the United Nations. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was Christ's Great Commission. The "cell method" was discussed as a Biblical method, that is, "group gatherings"

around God's Word, with prayer and personal witnessing to others of the realities of God in one's life.

And who is not aware of conditions? The world is ruled by fear. No one has faith in the future. Despair fills many a heart and poverty many a home. War between Jew and Arab, upheavals in India and civil war in Greece, require the blood of many. The underground Nazi movement and the hidden preparations behind Russia's secrecy cause alarm. The atom bomb hangs over the heads of the nations like an evil cloud while flying rockets and guided missiles that operate at an incredible speed and travel vast distances are being perfected. Biological warfare is being discussed in terms of human extinction. Atheism, agnosticism, frustration and cynical brutality—all these sinister forces that have crept into national and international life are "storm signals" to us.

The reason for this state of affairs is this: man has departed from the Christian way of life; he has drifted from the laws of the Lord—from love, good will, tolerance, integrity and justice—and has come to chaos. The Bible is no more the Guide Book for the home and the school and the government, and we have left our youth to make its own "success" rather than lead it into the "prosperity" of God. God warned what would happen to an atheistic civilization. The warning is being fulfilled before our eyes today.

Therefore healing is necessary—healing of the souls of men—healing for the land in which they live. Christians with a personal experience of Christ, Christians in leadership positions, Christians who will feel it their responsibility to make Christ, the Way, known to others, are needed desperately. Christ is the Great Physician. From Him comes the Balm of Gilead.

The daily morning Bible Hour at the conference was

conducted by the Very Reverend Bishop Linton of Birmingham, England, and each message dripped with the dew of heaven.

Dr. T. Fabinyi, the former Minister of Finance of Hungary, assisted in the conference by acting as interpreter and counselor. His devotion to the Lord and personal sincerity were admirable.

Jean Deglon of France was chaplain over 25,000 German war prisoners whom he sought to win for Christ. His son-in-law, a war prisoner, had been shot by the Gestapo when he attempted to escape with four others. His daughter died of grief and the young grandson was left in the care of him and his wife. Instead of hating the Germans, this Frenchman was a soul-winner. His face glowed with joy as he related his story.

Brigadier General Winsor began his testimony with "I am a soldier." His gallant bearing revealed the greatness of his spirit. He lost a leg in World War I and also his oldest son, who died of a gunshot. "I lost all interest in life," he said. "For three years I could not pray. In World War II my third son was killed in a parachute regiment in Belgium and my second was badly wounded though alive. I looked for something big enough to satisfy and I found it in Christ whom I accepted as Saviour and Lord. This war was unnecessary. I know no other answer to war than taking orders from God. Some think I have given much. But not so. I have gained much in Christ my Lord."

Frau Martha Miller told of the courageous resistance her husband offered the Nazis when they tried to force him to do away with the patients of an insane asylum over which he had been director, in Germany, 1940. "You are obliged to do what the Fuehrer demands," he was told. But he answered, "It is against the law, against my conscience, against the God I trust." He was dismissed from his post.

Pastor and Mrs. Fricke of Frankfurt am Main, Germany, were shepherds of an evangelical church. The Nazis had restricted their ministry. Their church was bombed during the raid. Only the statue of Thorvaldsen's *Blessing Christ* remained intact. To them it was more than a delight to fellowship at the conference with like-minded Christians from other lands. They had also suffered, and yet, "Better a poor Germany but a Christian Germany," Frau Fricke said as she talked with me. "When there is no help, then we learn to pray."

The Frickes had their first square meal in Zurich after years of privation. And did they enjoy themselves! And who would not feel relieved to live in Switzerland for a while! After all Helen Zernov and I had seen of Europe's devastation and sorrows, we, too, were happy to put foot on a land like this. What a change! Beautiful, prosperous Switzerland! An attempt to describe the country would be only repetition of what others have said more completely. Nature seemed to have a new freshness. The Swiss are truly a hardy and hearty people. Firmness of character would not allow them to forget the dot on the *i* or add an ounce more than was lawful. Their wholesome, principled living, their striving for order, neatness, beauty and perfection (if one may use the word), inspired ideals for things high and lofty. If I did not know that there was an undesirable place of iniquity in every city, I would imagine Zurich as an example of a millennial city.

Stores flowed over with food and clothing and every other object that would make a house "home." And yet, visitors received meal cards for three meals a day and the Swiss were on ration cards. To keep Switzerland's supplies in control, these methods had to be employed. According to Thomas Cook and Company, 34,000 people visited Switzerland last summer. A number of these visitors were people

of circumstances who had come from impoverished countries to eat wholesome food and recuperate.

Blue and white banners floated in the peaceful air of a country at rest from war. Streamlined cars glided along the rails with well-dressed passengers and well-uniformed conductors. Upon the glittering waters of the lake glamorous swans and more prosaic ducks swam, to the delight of the people. The normal gait of the pedestrians revealed a satisfaction that comes when plenty abounds and worries are not too encumbering.

The city illustrated its yesterday and today by the many old inns remodeled, some dating back as far as the thirteenth century. Wooded hills and beautiful towns clustered around the lake. The snowy Alps in the distance spoke of God's handiwork. Flowers hung from the windowsills of home and business houses, and Zwingli, the colleague of Luther and Calvin during the Reformation, was honored by a bronze statue in front of the Protestant church. Everything seemed to have the mark of value, even the Swiss money one held in his hand. And why should Communism have found a loophole into this beautiful country, with all its order and prosperity? Would it not be a pity to have men come into rule who would change the glory of such a country into despair?

Europe's last and only hope is Christ. Nothing else in all the world can help her. And there are those in positions of leadership in Europe who realize this and are endeavoring to rise and make the fact known. Never in the history of mankind have times been so hard and men so cruel, as Mr. Leverone said in his speech at the I.C.C.L. conference: "No savage tribe has ever harmed as much with cruelty as our civilization with its veneer of Christianity." Senator Wiley stated in his message at the same conference that the I.C.C.L. "was not a social or

political movement, but for leaders to come together to build up heart and soul. But if God places men in political positions, it will be for good. It is a spiritual fight to put the principles of Christ into practice in public and private life, nationally and internationally."

It stirred us deeply to hear Britain's Christian politician, Kenneth de Courcy, speak, quoting part of what he said as a timely piece of information and an immediate warning. He said, "The world is involved in problems of peculiar delicacy. There is an unparalleled crisis in the world and a division of opinion. Problems cannot be met unless through the Christian way. Politicians of most countries deny or do not know Christianity. Masses of people haven't given much thought to God. There has been much lip service by the people and political leaders. In England there were a considerable number of politicians who were Christians. Now there are hardly any believing statesmen. Their utterances do not reveal the contrary. England used to have a union of practical politics and profound Christianity. An extreme situation faces us. Great Britain is confronted with an economic crisis beyond words to describe. A low standard of living is the result. The Russians are convinced that in 1948 or 1949 a thorough collapse of the Anglo-Saxon nations will take place. They are waiting for such a collapse. Russia will then be free to seize whatever she wants. Stalin will then say to the masses, 'If you follow Marxism, you can avoid the next war.' "

God is not in the calculations of the Russians. The Lord has reserved unto Himself the prerogative to allow or prohibit. Yet, on the other hand, Russia's mysterious movements, her terrible secrecies, her astonishing progress in gaining control, appear like definite signs on the firmament of prophecy. But her doom has also been spoken of

in God's Word as God sets His face against "Gog" and "the land of Magog," saying, "O Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal . . . I will turn thee back, and put hooks into thy jaws, and I will bring thee forth, and all thine army . . . and leave but the sixth part of thee . . . I will smite thy bow out of thy left hand, and will cause thine arrows to fall out of thy right hand. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel . . . I will send a fire on Magog" (Ezek. 38-39).

The fulfillment of this prophecy lies with God. He is far better acquainted with the course of human history than we are. His knowledge of our present world-situation is by no means limited, and His watchful eye is ever upon the children of men. The pressing need of the hour is Europe, and her last and only hope is in God. Man's feeble efforts to help her are insufficient. Man's promises are too insecure for her to depend upon. There is a need for something more than merely discussing "plans" to salvage her; something more urgent is needed than "billions" toward her reconstruction.

Europe needs a revival of faith in God, a transforming experience of conversion to God. Europe needs Christian leadership, above all, the "Wonderful, Counsellor . . ." (Isa. 9:6) who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working" (Isa. 28:29). Europe needs the hand of a Divine God, the sympathetic prayers of a consecrated Church, the material assistance of unselfish people and the protection from godless Communism by governments that are God-fearing.

The entire world, in fact, needs to know the "Way"—God's method of peace, the "Way"—God's Man of Peace. To accept Him means to prepare the way for nations to behold the glory of the impossible. Otherwise the call is justified, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman,

what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come" (Isa. 21:11-12).

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